THE

HUNGARIAN BROTHERS.

[redacted]

BY

MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

IN THREE VOLS.

"What so sweet
So beautiful on earth, and Ah! so rare,
As kindred love, and family repose!"
Young.

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THE

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CHAP. I.

MEANWHILE, disappointment and distress met Charles at Vienna. The attempt to recover part of his inheritance, which Baron Ingersdorf had made for him, proved abortive. That this property had been fraudulently, because usuriously obtained from the late Count Leopolstat, was evident to every person; but such proof as can alone sanction important decisions was wanting; and, therefore, the affair ended in mortification.

After Madame de Fontainville's illness, she had caused it to be understood, that, she was going to join her father: Charles was by this means completely deceived; and when he learned her departure, trusted she at length saw the impropriety of that persecuting constancy with which she had so long traversed his views for Demetrius.

In the circle at Ingersdorf House he would have sought relief from the many cares which oppressed him, had he not painfully found that the amiable Adelaide grew every day more interesting to his heart; that she frequently betrayed a solicitude so tender, as to banish for the time all remembrance of her engagement and his own poverty. He absented himself from the Baroness's work-room, where formerly he passed every morning with Adelaide, and he would have abandoned the Baron's dinners, also, could he have done so without apparent ingratitude.

It is not possible for two people to love each other excessively, to converse with

perfect intimacy, to see each other every day, to receive and pay those little attentions which naturally flow from domestic intercourse, and not discover their mutual attachment. Leopolstat could not but observe, that the fine eyes and colour of Adelaide always became brighter when he appeared; that she unconsciously made his comfort the first object of her care; and if he entered fatigued after a toilsome field-day, she hastened to bring him refreshments; she scattered over him reviving perfumes, or opened the windows to admit the cooling air: in short, Adelaide was always ready, when any thing was to be done for him.

Yet Adelaide scarcely suffered her thoughts to glance for a moment upon the possible cause of this soft anxiety—Why should she seek a cause?—Was he not the peculiar favourite of her dear Uncle, and the object of general esteem! Did not every eye sparkle, every cheek glow, when the name of Count Leopolstat prefaced

his entrance?—and was not every one desirous to place themselves within the delightful influence of his smile, and to serve him even in trifles?—Why then, should she alone, be alarmed at the warmth of that friendship, which he seemed born to excite in every human breast?

Adelaide deceived herself. A secret presage, that she should one day be the possessor of his matchless heart, was the real cause of her animated attentions and fitful vivacity. Too soon, this vivacity died away; and as her affection deepened into love, she lost sight of the hope which had first awakened it. No longer did she hover round the young Count, with smiles and services, but examined with torturing anxiety all his looks and words; no longer did she feel sure even of his common regard, seeing in the struggles of his stronger passion, only symptoms of disgust. While similar thoughts fluctuated through the minds of both; while one moment they fancied themselves beloved, and the next

contemned, the incidents of a single evening terminated their inquietude without altering their destinies.

It was at the assembly of a mutual acquaintance, where the thoughtless discourse of a silly, forward woman, occasioned them infinite embarrassment.

This lady was not absolutely in love with Charles, but she tried to be so, and wished him to understand that she was so in reality: for this purpose she never failed attacking him, wherever they met, with conversations about himself; endeavouring by this system to make him comprehend, that a woman who learns every action of a man's days, and who perpetually imagines him on the point of union with another, has *a flattering reason* for her solicitude.

Approaching the recess of a circular window, where Charles and Adelaide were benevolently conversing with a blind gentleman, she tapped the shoulder of the former, with her fan, exclaiming " What !

is it *you* that I see!—but I suppose you are on the point of flying off to the Russian Ambassador's?" "And why should you suppose that, Madam?" asked Charles carelessly, as he returned her strange salute with a good-humoured salute of his own hand.

"Why! Come, come, my dear Count, this well-acted naiveté won't serve your turn. Don't I know that your fair Countess appears there for the first time since her mourning.—Ha! ha! ha!—How he blushes! My dear Mam'selle Ingersdorf, did you ever see a man look so guilty, in all your life?" "I am at a loss to understand the subject of your raillery!" returned Charles, (really blushing at the fervour of his gay accuser's glances). "Pray explain yourself?" "What a provoking creature thou art!" exclaimed the lady, fixing her eyes momentarily upon his. "Does not the whole world give you to the Countess Reusmarck?—Is it not notorious that you pass all your time at her

melancholy villa? Don't I see you perpetually wandering with her, about her gardens, smothering her child with kisses, caressing her dog, collecting her bouquets? My dressing-room tells sad tales. Every body knows it was your interest that obtained her that enormous pension. Come, come, confess at once, that you are to be rewarded for all this benevolence, by the white hand of the pensive widow? Your eyes confess it. Don't they Mam'selle? Surely you will be an auxiliary to me, for I know he has been a woeful truant from your Aunt's morning conversatione's."

Adelaide turned her head, as if to look at Charles, but her eyes refused to meet his. Rising in agonizing emotion, she began searching among some music-books which were near, for she knew not what, while she faintly replied,—"I know nothing of this affair; I—I am not in Count Leopolstat's confidence." "We shall all be in his confidence soon:" pursued the annoying intruder. "A sylph whispered

me this morning, that the Count's happy day is positively fixed. Your Uncle is to give the bride away.—Lord, my dear, how dull you must be to have these things transacting under your very eyes, without seeing them. Well,—adieu! Joy, joy be your's, my dear Count, though you break half a score hearts in gaining it." Away tripped this inconsiderate woman, with a sigh and a languish, which perfectly performed their mission, by convincing Charles that she wished herself in the Countess Reusmarck's place. Baffled by her hasty retreat, the Count remained where she left him, in painful silence.—Adelaide, unable to stand, had reseated herself, and was now trembling through every fibre with a sudden emotion, which she found it impossible to conquer.

The cruel assertions of their late companion, hastily opened before her the view of a misfortune, which nothing hitherto taught her to expect. She could not forget that of late, Charles had indeed de-

serted the house of her Uncle, that he had strenuously exerted himself in the service of Madam Reusmarck, and that all who knew this youthful widow, spoke of her in the most interesting manner. Where then, was the wonder of such an attachment? Nay, so far from being wonderful, was it not probable? To Adelaide, (whose heart knew no other obstacle than her own engagement, which still she hoped to break through), to her, the suspicion of Leopolstat's chusing another, came like the stroke of death. It seized on her soul with frightful violence; and she now sat beneath the gaze of Charles, shaking convulsively, and devoid of utterance.

His situation was miserable. The transport of suspecting himself to be beloved, (for how could he mistake the cause of such agitation?) was lost in excess of anguish for her sufferings: delicacy and respect constrained him to preserve, that very silence which afflicted her; and he therefore stood some moments as if ob-

serving the company through the perspective of an opposite suite of rooms: then suddenly turning round, he exclaimed, "I perceive this heat overcomes you; you have looked pale the whole evening; let me open a window?"

Adelaide answered by immediately rising and tottering to the window, which he threw open with one hand, while with the other, he supported her trembling form. Her emotion now gushed out in a violent burst of tears, which he suffered to fall unobserved.

After weeping some time, Adelaide said in a broken voice, "I am wretchedly nervous, Count; and this room was so hot; indeed the day has been suffocating; you would scarcely believe what a trifling increase of heat makes me ill."

"Till I opened the window, the heat here was not trifling," replied Charles, "I am not astonished at your being overpowered by it; I only wonder how so many delicate women can endure such

perpetual changes of climate as they do, when going from party to party: a soldier has scarcely more need for an iron constitution, than a modern fine lady."

Adelaide assented with a languid smile, and then another long pause followed.—By degrees her apparent emotion subsided; but she studiously averted her face, and often stifled repeated sighs.—Charles tenderly enquired how she found herself, and being told she was much recovered, he said, timidly, "It seems unfeeling to think of myself, while you are thus indisposed; but as you assure me you are better, perhaps you will now suffer me to defend my character from the aspersion thrown on it, by Madame Griefenswald?" "Defend yourself! and to me, Sir!" exclaimed Adelaide, starting with astonishment at the apparent indelicacy of his conduct; "I neither claim, nor wish a right, to sway any of your actions."

"I had not the presumptuous folly to mean that;" replied Charles, mildly, "but I have long flattered myself with the idea, that as you honoured me with your good opinion, it would be painful to find it ill-placed; were Madame Griefenswald's assertions true, I should no longer dare to claim the friendship of your family; a friendship, which is at once the joy and the pride of my heart."

"I know not," interrupted Adelaide, faintly, "how your attachment to an amiable woman, is to interfere with the pleasure we have always found in your society; or why you think it necessary to defend yourself from such a charge, as if it were a crime."

"The attachment itself, would not be a crime;" replied Leopolstat, gazing at her fluctuating complexion, with a beating heart, "but my supposed conduct while under its influence, is a crime against every honourable and manly sentiment. What

did Madame Griefenswald produce as the strongest proof of my engagement with the Countess Reusmarck? the fact of my having obtained a pension for that lady!—I then, who submitted to the most mortifying obstacles and refusals, wearied half my friends for their interest, neglected no honest means whatever, to procure that pension, gained it at last by mere importunity; I then, am publicly accused of having thus sought it for *myself*! I having *wooed* repulse, which borne for my own interest would have been degradation! I, that would perish, ere I would demand even the reward my services might have fairly earned! Gracious Heaven! to be so insulted in the dearest part of my character, and before you too! But for this insinuation, the subject were not of the least consequence, and I should not have intruded it upon your attention."

"It *is* of consequence, Count," replied Adelaide, melting into the most bewitching softness. "If the softness shadow

is but momentarily thrown over the brightness of a friend's character, what anguish does it not occasion? Till this moment, however, I did not perceive the possibility of any odium being the result of your devotion to Madame Reusmarck."

"I should despise myself if I deserved it!" exclaimed Charles, vehemently.—"The Count of Reusmarck was a brave man, whose gallant services during five campaigns I was qualified to attest:—he died in my arms, on the bloody field of Tarvis. His widow and child, have since then become objects of my sincerest esteem and nearest interest; they were left wholly unprovided, and it was surely a soldier's duty to plead in their behalf.—The attentions I have paid Madame Reusmarck, were such as respectful compassion alone prompted; she received them with the eagerness of a heart which knew itself in want of consolation; a heart, religiously devoted to the memory of a brave fellow whom she truly loved, and whose child is

now the sum of all her worldly hopes. She too, is outraged by this gross report: her meritorious seclusion, her profound but uncomplaining grief, is turned by it into the most abominable levity and deceit. I conjure you to believe that Madame Reusmarck sees in me, only the friend of that husband in whose life was bound up all the charms of her's; and that I behold in her, only a forlorn widow and respectable mother, for whose honour and happiness I would brave the bitterest mortifications, spill every drop of my blood, make every sacrifice, but that of your esteem!"

The agitation of Charles when he pronounced the last words, was so extreme, that had he thrown himself at the feet of Mam'selle Ingersdorf, and there avowed his passion, she could not have received a more gratifying conviction of its existence. The jealous honour which dictated the explanation itself, penetrated her soul: thrilling with a confusion of increased

pain and pleasure, she could no longer resist the softness which melted her again into tears, and incapable of speaking, she sunk upon a seat without reply.

The eyes of Charles now fixed themselves upon her, with fond solicitude: her's were cast down; but her bosom palpitated beneath its covering, with unusual quickness. Anxious to break the distressing silence, Adelaide attempted to speak, and while doing so, raised her eyes; they were full of what was passing in her heart, and the moment they encountered those of Charles, she felt all that they had uttered. At the same moment each blushed, each sighed, and averting their heads, moved from the recess.

What needed there more, to develop their feelings?—Words could not have added to their mutual certainty of being at this instant the beloved cause of each other's agitation:—Words would but poorly have explained love so animated yet so

timid; so eternal, yet so capable of sacrificing all its wishes on the altar of duty.

The globe seemed to whirl round with Charles, when the conviction of all he desired, thus struck upon his heart; for awhile he stood bewildered, delightfully bewildered, not venturing to direct another glance towards Adelaide, lest that glance should break the spell: when he did look at her again, a succession of deep blushes confirmed his hopes. The appearance of Baron Ingersdorf now announced the dispersion of the assembly. The Baroness accepting the arm of her husband, desired Adelaide would take that of Count Leopolstat. Only a few hours before, Adelaide would have obeyed without scruple, and Charles would have approached her without embarrassment: now they both hesitated, were silent, confused, and dared not encounter each other's looks.— The Baroness again spoke; and Charles fearfully took the hand of his blushing

companion. While they walked to the arriage, it trembled as much as his; yet he let it go again, without having once ventured to press it.—Are not true love and respect inseparable?

From this evening the passion of Charles was as intense as that of Demetrius: it shone for ever in his eyes; and he might as well have forbidden his soul to illuminate their expressions, as have resolved to banish it from all his actions. But, unlike Demetrius, he controled what he could not annihilate; and in proportion as he became sensible to the tenderness of Adelaide, imposed new sacrifices upon his own.

Fate however, seemed to delight in adding to the difficulty of this self-command: for scarcely a day passed, in which circumstances honourable to Adelaide, did not spring up to oppose it.

Anxious to dissipate uneasy reflections, he Count went one morning to lounge

away an hour of stubborn depression at the Archducal Library.

While he was dipping into several volumes, an Irish officer seated himself near him, and began laboriously to adjust the tye of a sword-knot, which in defiance of all his efforts, remained resolutely ungraceful. As the Hibernian was absorbed in this momentous employment, a thin, straggling young fellow entered, and making eagerly up to him, exclaimed in a whiffling voice, which retained only the faintest scent of his country's brogue, "My dear friend, how are you? I have just left such an interesting scene!—pen and pencil are both inadequate to describe it!"

"I hope the tongue an't," drily observed his auditor, "so let me *hare* your *new* romance."

The young man, now threw himself into an oratorical attitude.—"I was sauntering," said he, "along the horse-road

which leads to Schonbrunn, admiring some groupes of lovely women whom the refreshing shade of the trees, and the accidental performance of an admirable band of music, had collected together, when I observed a celestial creature that might have stood for a Madona, watching the sports of a playful Cupid, (her son, as it afterwards proved), who was bounding before her. Suddenly the child flung a ball out of its hand, darted from the foot-path across the road, and fell!—At that instant a party of riotous horsemen coming full speed, threatened the babe with immediate annihilation: the shriek of its mother rent the skies. The horsemen were in the very act of destruction—when lo! a beautiful girl, sprung like a flash of lightning over the ground, caught up the boy in her arms, and escaping from the very hoofs of the plunging steeds, brought it in safety to the walk!"

"And what the *divil* were you about all the while?" cried the officer, roughly,

(letting fall his heavy sabre with a force which made the other man jump away:) "in the name of St. Patrick, were you dead!"

"I was bereft of all my faculties, Mr. Murphy;" returned the sentimentalist.

"Not of your sight, *haring,* and memory;" said his companion, "or by my *shoul,* they civilly left you, only to bring back *complate* intelligence."

"Shut your *potatoe-trap,* man,—shut your potatoe-trap;" continued he, with a look of ineffable contempt, seeing the jack-a-napes about to interrupt him; "you may be a very harmless *fellow,* and a poor *cratur,* but you're no *haro.*—Was there ever another Irishman besides yourself, that would have seen a child run down by a troop of cowardly *spalpeens,* without flying to prevent a beautiful angel of a girl from throwing her *swate* person among the horses?—May Whisky be my poison, if I wouldn't have twitched every mother's son of them off the back

of their *bastes*, and dragged 'em by the nose three times through the Danube and back again, and after all kicked them with a pair of good brogues on, till they were the consistence of horn.—Och! botheration, but you'r not fit to *convarse* with!"

So saying, the honest Hibernian at once turned his back upon the other, with all the rudeness of coarse but laudable disgust: scarcely sensible to the insult, his companion skipped briskly round, and fronting him, exclaimed—"Not fit to converse with Mr. Murphy! give me leave to say, you know nothing of fine feelings. Was I not overcome with excess of sympathy in the immensity of the lovely infant's danger?"

"O yes, I dare say, you sympathized heartily in *that*;" muttered the contemptuous officer.

"Did not sight, sense, hearing, and motion, fail me all at once?" continued his associate. "Did not the acuteness of tender perception, palsy all my faculties?

...here
... ...aneous boy in her arms, the heroic girl fainted at the feet of its scarce-breathing, horror-transfixed mother."

As the vapid speaker paused momentarily in his discourse, Charles, who perfectly understood the language of England, raised his eyes with an air of interest in the story thus publicly related:—the orator caught the glance and resumed.

"Who think you was this intrepid beauty? No other than Mam'selle de Ingersdorf." Charles hastily repeated that beloved name, and ere it could pass his lips, the loquacious puppy triumphantly proceeded.

"Yes, Sir!—Mam'selle Ingersdorf, daughter of the celebrated Field Marshal Ingersdorf, and niece to the First Minister of Finance. I had the felicity of bearing the seraphic creature to the house of the child's mama, the Countess

nothing appeared so easy to accomplish as this wish, yet that was precisely the reason why it was to her impracticable. Madame Reusmarck was in humbled circumstances, had lately been an object of royal bounty, was desolate and afflicted, and deserted by half her summer friends; she was afraid, therefore, of appearing to presume on her own fortunate situation, or of seeming to demand acknowledgements by an ostentatious profession of pity, which the Countess never sought. Adelaide's reason for wishing this acquaintance might have been, "shrined in crystal;" it was not connected with a single idea of self; it flowed from the purest spring of benevolence, and aimed at no other object than that of reviving Madame Reusmarck's social feelings; of softly extracting the poison from that heart's-wound, which neither love nor friendship could hope entirely to heal. She now rejoiced in the accident which had thrown open the gate to intimacy, and purposed to avail herself of

it, with a respectful yet glowing eagerness.

Madame Reusmarck, young and gentle, was still accessible to every affection, except that which lay buried in the grave of her husband: she received the kindness of Mam'selle Ingersdorf with a grateful sensibility, which far from repelling, softly invited more. From that day they became sincere friends; and from that day Count Leopolstat surrendered up to Adelaide, his self-imposed charge of consolation.

To have met often at the villa of Madame Reusmarck, would have been too delicious an enjoyment, for Charles and Adelaide; such an indulgence would also have been indiscreet; as it must have subjected them to censure, and have taken from Adelaide the noble consciousness of being completely disinterested in her friendship.

They gained, however, little by this sacrifice. They each saw Madame Reus-

marck at different periods; and each hearing from her details which mutually did them honour, retired from the villa only to remember new reasons for mutual preference.

Nothing could be more dangerous than the situation of Charles. The eyes of Mam'selle Ingersdorf always filling with tears as they met his, her perpetual blushes, and tremulous agitation; the haste with which she retreated from him, whenever they were casually left alone; and the sickness which seemed to overcome her at the mention of Count Forshiem, were all calculated to undermine his resolutions.—They indicated the very feeling necessary to make him blest; but how blest, when he was not only *poor*, but linked to her generous uncle by the most important benefits?—Charles loved Adelaide, not himself; and for her sake was nicely jealous of that honour which a suspicion of mercenary views, might have disgracefully sullied: he therefore resolved, frankly to

unbosom his secret to the Baron, convince him he was unfortunate, not ungrateful, and then banish himself from Ingersdorf. While he was revolving how to make this disclosure with the least pain to himself and others, he received the following letters:—The first, was from his incognita.

TO COUNT LEOPOLSTAT.

"Are you not aware of your brother's danger?—Why do you not force him from his present infatuation?—This is not war-time, and military duty might relax itself in his favour, if you would urge pressing motives to your General.

"Madame de Fontainville is with your brother at Bolzano; at least she sees him every day, every hour; and the price he pays for this fatal enjoyment, is likely to infect him with the most pernicious of all evil propensities: the house where she resides, is the resort of gamesters. Do not disre-

gard this warning: be assured that on your account, I am affectionately interested in your brother's honour; and that whenever I am enabled to make myself thoroughly known, you shall find me at least, *the warmest of your friends.*"

The second letter, ran thus:—

"I am too distracted to tremble at addressing the brother of Demetrius; yet O! believe me not lost to the most poignant sense of shame. For heaven's sake, hasten directly to the Bellunese, to Agoro, or my rash father will have sacrificed your brother to his furious vengeance.

"I, I only, am guilty;—I call the saints to witness that Demetrius voluntarily renounced our unhappy intercourse. He is not culpable then:—O fly and save him. For God's sake, lose not a moment. I swear, on my knees I swear, to abandon him for ever, if you will but preserve his life.

Bolzano. ZAIRE DE FONTAINVILLE."

Every faculty of the unfortunate Charles, was stunned by this unexpected blow.—He stood for several minutes deprived of motion, and devoid of all sensation: his eyes remained fixed upon the characters, but took no cognizance of them.—At length a hollow sound seemed to ring in his ears; a dreadful chill crept through all his veins; and he recovered, to the belief of no longer having a brother. Something like a cry escaped him, as smiting his forehead with his hand, he rushed into the air.

To mount his horse, and commence a long journey with the utmost speed, were instinctive actions: he thought of nothing, saw nothing, but the corpse of his beloved Demetrius; and rode from post to post, without once remembering that he had duties to fulfil in Vienna.

Though Count Leopolstat was the next day to have had an audience of the Archduke, and to have been appointed to the rank of his Aid-de-camp, he would have

proceeded without thinking of the circumstance, had not a casual delay at an inn, where he saw the print of that Prince, recalled it to his memory, and given him time to dispatch a courier to Baron Ingersdorf.

Charles could at this moment have beheld, unmoved, the wreck of all his temporal prospects; but he was still jealous of his reputation as a soldier, and unwilling to appear ungrateful in the eyes of that admirable prince who had advanced him to rank and influence: he therefore, confided the motive of his sudden departure to his friend Ingersdorf, trusting that from his representations, the Archduke would overlook his absence.

CHAP. II.

IT was late at night, when the Count reached the quarters of his brother.—As he threw himself off his horse, he could scarcely speak to the servant that waited to know his commands.—"My brother, Count Leopolstat, is he here?"—at last, he gasped out. The servant replied in the affirmative, and, preceding his agitated steps, threw open the door of a small apartment.

Demetrius, who was leaning his head upon a table, on which lay his sword and pistols, started up; and seeing a field officer of Hussars, (for he did not imme-

diately recognize his brother in the dim light), was abrubtly retiring, when Charles closed the door, and staggering towards a seat, pronounced his name. — The suffocated tone in which he said it, his extreme paleness and agitation, banished from the mind of Demetrius every thought of himself;—he hastened forward, eagerly inquiring what had happened to him.

" You are safe.—I see you alive, Demetrius;—and I——." Charles was so completely overcome, that he could not proceed further: a violent trembling shook all his joints; and, averting his head, his brave heart yielded to this strange mixture of the bitterest grief with the keenest joy.

As he swallowed some wine, which his brother now hastily offered him, his eye ran eagerly over that brother's altered features. Care and self-reproach, shame and anguish, were all there; and no smiles, no bloom, no virtuous serenity, met his anxious gaze.

"O Demetrius!" he exclaimed, after a long silence, "how do we meet?—How have you wrung my heart!" At these words, Demetrius comprehending the cause of his appearance, cast himself at his feet, and besought him once more to pardon his apostacy, to receive him again to his bosom, to hear his vow of abjuring Madame de Fontainville for ever.

"I am not yet, quite unworthy of your love:" he added, bedewing Leopolstat's hands with tears, "if you knew what a struggle it was, to tear myself from her—to fly her, at the very instant in which she was on the point of completing my criminal wishes."—"And did you?" exclaimed the Count, starting wildly from his seat.

"I did.—Zaire is still innocent."

Charles snatched him to his arms in silence, and for the first time, the big tears rolled down his manly cheek.

Let not the dissolute or thoughtless smile contemptuously on the emotion of

this upright brother! To him, who had so heavily felt the consequences of licentious passions, in the wreck of his fortunes, and the desertion of his father, and who had therefore learned to consider them with proper horror;—to him, who knew that the first step in vice, is but the prelude of many others, and the first conquest by virtue, the bright earnest of future victories;—to him, this moment was fraught with importance, and seemed the blessed crisis of his brother's fate. He folded him repeatedly to his breast, unconsciously whispering to himself, the last words of their mother. "Let nothing in this world, except your religious principles, be dearer to you, than his honour." Demetrius caught the sounds, and his divided heart put up a prayer to heaven, for strength to continue what he resolved to become.

As the turbulence of their feelings subsided, Demetrius dreaded the confession he had yet to make: it was necessary that his brother should be told of his debts to

Colonel Wurtzburgh, from whom he had borrowed the sums lost at play, to the Baroness Marienthal, but he hesitated to avow such an aggravation of his offences. Charles observed his wandering and abstracted manner: guessing much of what he had to hear, he urged him to confide implicitly in a brother's affection; and at length prevailed on him to give a full avowal.

No bodily torment could equal the mental suffering of Demetrius, while he repeated the progress of his weak passion; his frequent good resolutions, broken as soon as formed; his desperate acquiescence in an amusement which he detested, and which his narrow income rendered criminal. The severest moralist could not have upbraided and denounced him more vehemently, than was done by his own conscience. Frequently he broke off in the midst of the narrative, wildly exclaiming that he was not fit to behold his deceived

brother. Charles tenderly re-assured him, and then he resumed.

The account of his last interview with Madame de Fontainville, caused too much agitation to be given distinctly: Leopolstat's heart bled for him, as he rapidly related the dangerous scene; it had indeed, been a moment of sharp trial, from which he had forcibly torne himself: and struck with horror at the wretchedness to which they were then on the point of reducing themselves, had hastened to a distance where it was his intention to have remained till he should have acquired some command over his head-strong passions.

Scarcely had he been four days at Agoro, when the Marquis de Liancour arrived at it: he came to wash out the supposed stain of his daughter, in the blood of her wretched lover: and had Demetrius been less susceptible of honourable shame;—had he rashly braved that resentment which he was conscious of deserving;—had he

in short, instead of baring his defenceless breast to the sword of his enemy, raised an arm against him, he would most probably, have expiated every error with his life.

The Marquis de Liancour, meeting respect and contrition, where he expected only to find shameless defiance; receiving ingenuous confessions instead of mean palliation; was soon made sensible of his impetuosity: he discovered that Demetrius was not a seducer; that his daughter, though faulty, was not abandoned, and that he might yet preserve her to his declining years in peace and honour.—They parted friends. The Marquis propromising to treat his unhappy child with lenity; and Demetrius consenting (though at the expense of all his future hopes), never to see Zaire again, without his permission.

When Demetrius concluded the whole of this detail, his brother wrung his hand

without speaking, and then paced the apartment in great emotion.

His troubled countenance expressed a mind absorbed in revolving some painful duty which it shrunk from performing: several times he stopped; and repeated sighs, seemingly fetched from the very depths of his heart, supplied the place of words. At length he approached Demetrius, who was resting his burning temples against the side of the room. "Demetrius! my dear Demetrius!" he said, gently.— At that moment their swimming eyes met, and Demetrius read in those of Charles's so much compassion, that he could not help snatching his hand to his lips.

They then sat down together; their hands locked in each others.

"What you have just told me, my beloved brother," continued the elder, "forces me to make you a painful confession in return. I call heaven to witness, that nothing short of an absolute conviction that

I have pursued a wrong system with you, should have compelled me to afflict you, as I must now do. If it were not obvious, that a complete knowledge of our situation, is the only means of preserving you from future suffering, I would manage to overcome every difficulty, and still leave you in ignorance.

"My conduct has always led you to suppose your annual allowance, was the wreck of a younger son's inheritance; and that mine consequently, was much larger; that the pay of my commission, and the pension attached to my order, were but minor parts of my income: you had a right, therefore, to calculate on my power and will, to assist you in any pecuniary emergency; seeing how prudently I regulated my own expenses. But I must now undeceive you, Demetrius, and confess that what *you* enjoy, is all my father left between us."

"All! gracious God!— and have you resigned——— wretch that I am!"

Demetrius uttered these broken sentences, with the most frightful wildness: Charles besought him to be calm.—"Hear me, my dear brother," he cried, "it is I, that have now to sorrow for the effects of mistaken affection: it is I, that ought to intreat pardon, and deprecate reproach."

Demetrius fixed his eyes upon him for a moment, with a wild smile, then turned them suddenly away, and sighed profoundly.—Charles resumed.—

"It was a serious fault on my part, to let you enter life, under such an error.—I had forgotten how often I owed my own indifference to dangerous pleasures, my own power of resisting soft temptations, to the occupation of a careful heart; to thoughts chastised by early reflection; to a sense of having nothing to be distinguished by, except strict integrity. I had felt the pains and the profit of adversity; yet forgetting the latter, and remembering only the former, falsely hoped to ensure your happiness by concealing from you,

every circumstance likely to damp your enjoyment of trifles.

"The sacrifice of a scanty income, was, of course, nothing for a man accustomed to cheap pleasures; but I ought to have considered, that ignorant of our true situation, you would be tempted to exceed it, from a belief of my larger means. It is I, therefore, who am blameable throughout. Had I consented to see you take your share in that salutary suffering, which is wisely diffused over all creation, your character would have been strengthened, and one severe trial would not thus have overset you.

"My unvarying system, (a selfish one, certainly, because I could not bear to lose the delight of seeing you cheerful), has always been to keep from your knowledge whatever was painful. It is I, that have made you a hot-house plant, my Demetrius, and I must not censure you for being unable to stand the fierce sunshine and the blighting storm."

Here, he paused: but Demetrius spoke not; he groaned and smote his breast.

" O Charles!" he exclaimed, after a long pause,—"O too generous brother!—how is it that I live, and know myself the cause of such affliction to you?—to you, that have given me every thing, made me every thing, endured all things for my sake?

" If the remainder of a worthless life, spent in obedience, can atone for the ingratitude of my past conduct"—" Speak not thus;" interrupted Leopolstat, " unconscious of the few services I tried to render you, how can it be said you are ungrateful?"

" I should have considered your conduct more attentively;" said Demetrius, " I should have guessed that such a brother could be reserved about his own affairs, only from the noblest motive,—I *have* been thoughtless indeed!—O Charles, Charles, what disgrace shall I

not bring upon your unblemished name, by *my* ruin!"

"Dismiss that fear," returned his brother. "Your honour shall not suffer with Colonel Wurtzburgh. Thank heaven! we still have the means of faithfully repaying him. We must mortgage that little estate fo the precise sum, and, till the mortgage be cancelled, must share the same fortune. Come, come, banish this excess of sensibility my dearest Demetrius; what merit is there, in two brothers loving each other and consenting to have but one purse, and one soul? Could I see you restored to peace of mind; could I hope to find you determine upon the only measure likely to reconcile you to yourself, I should look back without grief, and forward with the sweetest security."

Demetrius shook in every limb, as he heard these words: a deadly paleness succeeded his glow of enthusiastic gratitude: Zaire, the fond beloved Zaire, rose to his

thoughts, and palsied the resolutions he was just going to form.—He now pressed his hand on his forehead, in a tumult of contending feelings, tore open his uniform, and snatching the picture of Zaire from his bosom, gazed at it wildly; kissed it again and again; held it to his heart, his lips, his eyes; mingled tears and sobs with these sad caresses; then hastily pushing it into his brother's hand, exclaimed,—"I will never see her more." He hurried immediately after this, into his own room, where he spent the night in conflicts, which Charles respected too much, to invade.

When a man resolves not to be influenced in his decisions, by his wishes, he is certain of deciding right. Charles steadily considered the late behaviour of Demetrius, with this resolution, and became convinced that he might rely upon his stability. Till this evening, Demetrius seemed insensible to the criminality of a passion for Madame de Fontainville:—now, the proof of what that passion led

to, of the other vices into which it betrayed him, had relumed his soul, and though still in bondage, he could no longer be termed a willing slave.

The dread of offending a purer Being, a higher Judge than that brother whom he ardently loved, visibly expressed itself in his manner: Charles blessed heaven for so momentous a change; convinced that the first step towards virtue, is a complete knowledge of our depravity.

Remaining wholly unmindful of his own concerns, would have been to increase the self-reproach of Demetrius: Leopolstat therefore anxiously revolved the best means of reconciling such opposite interests as his, and his brother's. He could not long absent himself from Vienna, without forfeiting the favour of the Archduke; and to transact the business necessary to be gone through, ere he could discharge the debt to Colonel Wurtzburgh, he must visit the capital. Would it then, be prudent in him to leave Demetrius at

so critical a period, when his good resolutions were but just unfolded?—would it be kind? Prudence and Kindness, answered in the affirmative. Demetrius left to his own exertions, would be roused to greater efforts, by the very absence of that soft supporting heart, on which he was accustomed to lean, and melt away in weakness: he would be left to the uneffaced impression of this affecting interview; to the remembrance of his unequivocal promises; to the conviction that Charles implicitly trusted those promises; to the contemplation of all he owed, and all from which he was rescued.—These considerations decided Leopolstat; conscious that unlimited confidence, is to a generous nature, but a stronger motive to deserve it.

While his brother slept, (for Demetrius slept; and it was the first time he had done so, since he quitted the Tyrol).—The Count was engrossed by committing to paper every argument required by

affection and religion, which might assist in dispersing the mists of passion, and confirming virtuous inclinations.

After recapitulating the obvious reasons for shunning so unhallowed a connection, he placed the filial obligation of Madame de Fontainville, in a broad light, proved how culpably she must have broken it, had she dishonoured the name and destroyed the peace of her father;—delineated the beauty of a blameless attachment, the purity of its desires, the sublime heights to which it often conducted men, the ignoble feelings from which it preserved them: faithfully estimated the mental powers of Demetrius; and then commented on the oblivion into which they had sunk, during his devotion, to a woman, whose ill-directed tenderness valued nothing in her lover but his love; and who, satisfied with being all the world to him, was content to see him become nothing to all the world.

Warm commendations, and perfect reliance, closed this long letter:—indeed, it

was a transcript of the writer's heart, where pity and admiration, had nearly silenced censure.

Long after day dawned, he threw himself upon a sofa, where his over-tasked spirit, enjoyed a short respite from its many anxieties.

When the brothers met the next morning, there was a settled seriousness in the younger's looks, which spoke peace to Charles. He had dreaded the sight of ever-varying anguish in a countenance which nature seemed to have destined for the abode of the most blissful and endearing expressions: he therefore saw with satisfaction; that the eyes of Demetrius were still and mournful.

It was not from turbulent emotions, or paroxysms of remorse, (the more violent, perhaps, from a consciousness of wanting will, to render that remorse repentance): that he could look for this renovation of his brother: he was to be saved only by an attentive survey of his own situation,

and a rigid resolution of renouncing its dangers. His present composure, though sad beyond description, was the best proof of a resolute mind.

When Leopolstat announced the necessity he was under, of returning immediately to Vienna, he gave his brother, the letter of the preceding night; telling him to seek there, for his advice upon a subject too painful to discuss. He then entered into a minuter detail of his own affairs, in which the name of Adelaide Ingersdorf, was but too often mentioned.

During the few hours they remained together, Charles could not entirely think of his brother: frequently thought carried him back to Adelaide; his fixed eyes were then filled with tears; and Demetrius hearing his profound, unconscious sighs, noting the change in his once complete figure, observing the sudden force with which he wrested back his mind, blushed at his own comparative imbecility.—If Charles could thus meditate the sacrifice,

and attempt the cure of a virtuous affection, even while believing himself beloved, should he, the victim of a lawless one, dare to shrink from a similar task? The spark of honourable emulation was smothered not extinguished, in this youthful bosom; it now spread into a blaze.

While Charles went to visit Colonel Wurtzburgh, Demetrius wrote a letter to Madame de Fontainville; a farewel letter!—Let those who have loved as he had done; who have, like him, suffered, passion to assault without overcoming principle, imagine his anguish during this forced conquest of the former! No longer did he write to vow eternal constancy, to cheat himself and her, by swearing to love on, yet never to see her more, he wrote to confess his sense of their mutual weakness; relating all that had passed between her father, his brother, and himself; exhorting her to resolve as he did to master the passion which religion condemned, and solemnly assuring her, that

though she was still, dearer to him than the vital blood which swelled his heart, he steadfastly resolved to make this dreaded conquest, the business of his future life.

When he would have besought her, never more to distract him by the slightest testimony of an affection, once so fondly sought, so dearly prized, his heart gave way; he threw himself upon the paper, and blotted it, with his tears. Memory, that curse and blessing of our existence, presented him with such fatal charms of tenderness and beauty, in the image of Zaire, that for awhile he believed his passion unconquerable :—like a repressed torrent, it rolled back upon his soul, sweeping away all power, all will to renounce her.

This phrenzy was long, but not endless: its tempestuous waves gradually subsided; and again he beheld the bright summits of virtue and peace.

On the return of Charles, Demetrius put this letter into his hand, with visible

emotion: he would have told him to read it, had not his quivering lips denied him utterance. His brother eagerly ran through it, and often were the tremulous characters, undistinguishable to his floated eyes.

After completely perusing it, he pressed the unhappy writer's hand, saying, softly, "I will give it her, myself."—Demetrius motioned his acquiescence, for he could not speak; a long time he remained silent, while his pale, and suddenly-disturbed countenance, alone evinced the internal conflict which again began to agitate him. At last, a convulsive groan burst from his heart. Charles, who had been contemplating him, with the most harrowing commiseration, started from his seat, and throwing his arms round him, exclaimed—"O my brother, have I exacted too much?"

"Spare me awhile, Charles, spare me!—allow me but a few moments of miserable weakness!" replied Demetrius, in a

suffocated voice, "if you could guess how I love her!—how I shudder at the thought of never, never seeing her more; of becoming to her, as if I were not—of seeking to forget that love and that beauty which were in my eyes, the sole charm of this world—O God! O God! can the separation of soul and body be more dreadful than this?"

At the last words, his eyes rolled so wildly, that his brother began to be alarmed for his intellects; and sitting down by him, strove to soothe him into composure.

The gust of ungovernable agony again passed away, and Charles was able to leave him at the expiration of an hour, without apprehension.

CHAP. III.

It will now, be necessary to revert to what passed, between Leopolstat and Colonel Wurtzburgh: and in order to make the separate feelings of these gentlemen, perfectly intelligible, I must explain the secret motives of the Colonel's conduct. It may be remembered, that during the first part of this officer's military career, he was constantly out-done by the superior talents and bravery of Charles.— Thus suddenly eclipsed by the happier star of another; and painfully beholding his own deformity, in the bright mirror of that other's excellence; he grew to

hate him for his virtues: he brooded over his meritorious actions, as if they had been so many personal injuries; and then formed the resolution of devoting his whole soul, to the task of embittering his rival's days.

The first of his efforts was directed towards mortifying and disgracing Charles: it proved abortive: to mortify, was an act out of the power of his contemptuous insolence; and the attempt at disgracing, invariably terminated in rousing some latent fine quality, or in displaying, under a more decided light, some brilliant service of his rival's, which had lain hitherto, unobserved.

After parting at Mantua, Wurtzburgh did not lose sight of his object. Everybody spoke of the gallant Count Leopolstat, and by so doing, contributed to feed the fire which smouldered unsuspected, in the bosom of the other.—At length, Wurtzburgh became master of a splendid fortune; he obtained the command of a regiment; was surrounded with flatterers

and dependents, with power and wealth, yet still he continued to detest the man who could no longer obstruct his advancement.

This Hatred, monstrous, powerful, and unconquerable, was now, the very twin of his soul. He suffered it to rule and impel all his actions so long, that he was become its slave: to satiate its inordinate appetite, he meditated the temporary sacrifice of all his dearest gratifications; he resolved to cast off old habits, dress his manners in the garb most likely to impose on Charles, and by insinuating himself into his confidence, learn where to strike the unfailing death-blow of his peace.

For this purpose he visited Leopolstat in Vienna; and by a bold confession of his former moroseness, linked to an appearance of generous reliance, paved the way to intimacy.

A few interviews were sufficient for settling the plan of this perfidious wretch.—Easily did he perceive that Charles was to

be pierced only through the heart of his brother; and that consequently whenever he could plunge him, into guilt or misery, his views would be accomplished.

The inconsiderate vivacity and glowing temperament of Demetrius; his romantic credulity and rash sincerity; the tenacity of his affections; the quickness with which they were conceived, and the pain with which they were abandoned; his sensibility to beauty; his dread of ridicule; and, above all, a slight tincture of vanity, encouraged Wurtzburgh's most sanguine hopes. Nature seemed to have created the poor youth with all these properties, (and with a face and figure which were destined to cost him many trials): as if merely to be the instrument of this man's vengeance.

Fixing his whole aim upon him, therefore, he became reconciled to the guarded reserve with which Charles instinctively repelled his advances towards confidence: It was now enough for his scheme if he

could but retain a good name, and be permitted to enter with apparent zeal into the interests of Demetrius.

Charles never dreamed of opposing a zeal so conducive to his brother's advancement: he saw nothing reprehensible in the conduct of Wurtzburgh, though he met with little in it which conciliated affection. He was no gamester, no drunkard, he associated with respectable men, and, except in the single instance of keeping a mistress, appeared perfectly correct: even this, might have been but a temporary deviation from better principles.

Contenting himself with advising Demetrius not to accept too much kindness; nor to let mere habitual intercourse produce that intimate confidence which ought to spring only from an accordance of taste, principles, and feelings, Charles continued to receive and to visit Wurtzburgh without suspicion. Meanwhile, the growing passion of Demetrius for Madame de Fontainville, had been attentively

watched by this pretended friend.—Appearing completely ignorant of it, he was enabled to increase it in a thousand ways. Sometimes he discussed the perils and sorrows of her desolate lot; sometimes he related encomiums which he had heard her pass upon Demetrius; then he counted the number of her admirers, jested about the eclat of exiling them all; or perhaps said more seriously, that the preference of such an idolized woman, was a million of times superior in value to that of one less admired.

No sooner was Demetrius fixed in the Tyrol, and Madame de Fontainville able to receive visitors than Wurtzburgh hastened to send up his name, and inquire if she had any commands for him to obey in Bolzano. At that magic name, he was sure her doors would open; they did so. He found her ill and irresolute; meditating a journey to Bolzano, which he, (seeming unsuspicious of its object) vehemently seconded. His fatal representa-

tions, and perpetual allusions to their young friend, fixed her before wandering purposes.—She repaired to the Tyrol.—There, it is needless to say how ardently the Colonel devoted himself to the task of ruining two artless people, by indulging their censurable attachment; by dissipating their sober thoughts, in worthless amusements, and by striving to make Demetrius yield himself up in despair, to complete depravity.

The abrupt departure of this deceived young man, together with his incoherent note, satisfied Wurtzburgh that one part of his scheme had taken effect: the other he immediately put into a train of success. In an elaborate letter (as if written by an inhabitant of Bolzano, jealous of a parent's honour), he gave the Marquis de Liancour the most positive assurance of his daughter's seduction; and then stimulated him to revenge it. De Liancour was a man of quick passions. No sooner did he receive this vile forgery,

than he hastened to Bolzano; where, finding Zaire, (whom he had hitherto believed in Vienna) terrifying her into wild expressions which his prejudice ever took for confessions of guilt, he proceeded in search of Demetrius. He then learned to repent his credulity.

No suspicion could light upon Colonel Wurtzburgh during all this transaction. Charles when he visited him, was incapable of harbouring an idea that he had wilfully accelerated the wretchedness of his brother; but he spoke of his indiscreet indulgence, with serious displeasure. It was in vain that the artful Colonel deprecated resentment, by bewailing the romantic friendship which had prompted him to rely upon his favourite's virtue, and to grant him some latitude; he protested, that he had imagined the passion of both to be of too pure a cast, to warrant a single doubt of its ultimate innocence; and then appealed to Demetrius himself, for a corroboration of the repeated ex-

hortations he had given him on that subject.

For the losses at hazard, the Colonel urged, that he was no farther culpable, than in not being able to endure the sight of a friend's pecuniary distress: nay, he was a professed detester of such games, was himself a sufferer by Madame de Marienthal's skill, and never had played but from a mistaken wish of engaging the lovers in something capable of drawing away their thoughts from each other. He further added, that had he not been profoundly ignorant of the young Count's finances, (the limits of which he now heard for the first time), he would not, even though thus urged, have countenanced the youth in risking what appeared to him then, an inconsiderable sum.

Charles admitted the force of these palliations: but he reminded Wurtzburgh, that he was of an age when friendship shews itself in steady acts of kindness, authorized by reason and rectitude; in

tender restraint and wholesome censure; not in boyish indulgence of pernicious inclinations. He then admonished him, to consult in future, the honour of a friend, rather than his gratification. Wurtzburgh assumed an air of contrition, professed to be struck with a sense of his error, to see the whole affair under a new light; in short to be so penetrated with the conviction of his own faultiness, as to find no other way of silencing his conscience than by cancelling the pecuniary obligations between him and Demetrius.

This proposal was crushed by the spirited Charles. His soul abhorred the very thought of accepting favours from any persons but such as he loved; from them, obligation was delight; for he never yet could determine which was the sweetest pleasure, *to give*, or *to receive*.

Firmly, yet courteously did he reject all the Colonel's importunities; leaving him rebuked into a rancour so poisonous, as to be with difficulty concealed.

As Charles pursued his solitary journey towards Austria, the clangor of martial music, swelling louder at every strain, warned him of the approach of troops. He drew up his horse, (for he was in a narrow defile among the mountains,) and suffered the regiment to pass.

The meridian sun glittering to excess upon their arms, prevented him from distinguishing the face of a groupe of officers who were riding in the rear; but through the confusion of their gay clamour he thought he recognized the voice of Count Forshiem; at the same moment, Forshiem rode out of the ranks, and saluted him.

There was such a genuine glow of pleasure in the manner of this young man, that Charles stretched out his hand to him, and while they with difficulty reined-in their proudly-prancing chargers, exchanged hearty assurances of continued esteem.

Suddenly an idea struck Leopolstat,

upon which he mused for a few moments, then telling the Count he would turn back with him awhile, walked his horse beside him.

The other officers bowed, and galloped forwards. Forshiem had said he was going into quarters near Agoro, and Charles knew that in Forshiem, Demetrius would find a companion better suited to the present state of his mind, than any one of the men, composing Colonel Wurtzburgh's corps:—to be sure, it was a galling thing thus to bind himself by obligation, to the happy lover of Adelaide; but ought so selfish a consideration, to deter him from adopting a mode of comforting his brother?—such weakness, was impossible to Charles.

Briefly apologizing, therefore, for the liberty he was about to take, he sketched the situation of Demetrius; merely disclosing as much as was necessary to inform his auditor, that Demetrius was unhappy. Forshiem entered zealously into his con-

cern: promised to seek and cultivate the friendship of a young man whose excellent character came doubly recommended from the affection borne him by such a brother; and finally engaged to send faithful accounts of his spirits, health, and occupations.

After this, they parted: Forshiem charged with communicating Charles's respects to Marshal Ingersdorf, who was then at Munich; and Charles with a heart, which in spite of himself, was the heavier for having met the Count.

He was now commencing a correspondence with the only amiable man in creation, with whom such intimacy would be painful; should it lead to unlimited confidence, should he become the depository of Forshiem's tenderest secret, should he write to him of Adelaide, (and when were happy lovers reserved!)—How was it to be borne?

"It must be borne, however:" was the answer which burst with a sigh from his

aching heart, as he unconsciously spurred his horse forward.

On reaching Vienna, he hastened to Baron Ingersdorf, for he was anxious to tell him how well his brother had acted, to palliate his past errors, and to consult with him on the best means of raising the money requisite to pay Wurtzburgh.

The Baron heard him with undisguised pleasure; nay he caught part of his enthusiasm, and protested he longed to embrace and applaud the young Demetrius. Ingersdorf was not one of those friends who freeze the ardours of rejoicing affection—he had no cold doubts to urge, no fear-awakening queries to put, no hope-nipping cautions with which to deaden honest reliance. He believed implicitly, that Charles was satisfied upon just grounds.

After arranging the money business, the Baron said with great kindness,

"I have foreborne to offer you this sum, my dear Leopolstat, even as a loan,

because I know it is your principle never to accept any thing from another, which you could procure for yourself. I love the independence of such a spirit too much to thwart it by importunity; but since I know you will alienate for awhile, all your means of answering exigencies, I must insist upon your promising to apply to me as to a father, should any accident, render your income inadequate to your own or your brother's wants."

A friendly pressure of Ingersdorf's hand, enforced his words.

The before-pale cheek of Charles took a momentary glow, as he answered—

"Willingly do I promise: indeed, Sir, it is not a sullen thanks-hating spirit which makes me so rigid about obligation: 'tis downright honesty. Dishonest I cannot help thinking it, for a man to let another pay his debts, while he has the power of doing it himself; even though he reduce himself to a crust and water; but that

done, and misfortune, not extravagance, bringing him into pecuniary difficulties, I give him leave to accept assistance from his friend."

"No, no,—replied the Baron, it must be before he begins to quaff Adam's beverage. When you call upon me, for a little idle gold, you shall prove that you had drank my health not an hour previous, in a bumper of excellent Rhenish."

"Thus it must be under your roof," returned Charles, smiling, "for I never drank it, or any other wine, under my own—my blood has quite fire enough in itself: too much I fear."

"I know not where all this fiery blood is gone then, of late, (observed the Baron; regarding him with an air of concern,) I know not what is the matter with you Charles, but you are strangely altered. One is forced to remember that you were some time ago, healthful, cheerful, and handsome; for I protest your present appearance, puts it out of a man's

power to call you so, now. I remarked it the other day to my niece, who"—

The vivid colours which now spread over the face of Charles, and the disorder with which he turned away his eyes, arrested the current of his friend's speech. The Baron stopped a moment, then said apprehensively—

"Are you, also, in love?"

Leopolstat's agitation increased; he moved hastily to a window, and stood there in silence.

Ingersdorf suffered this suspense for some time: at length approaching him, and kindly taking his hand, he resumed—

"And may I ask the name of your mistress?"

Charles turned round, his manly face all in a glow of painful feelings.

"O Sir," he cried, "I know not what to say in extenuation of my folly."

A deep sigh closed this short sentence. The Baron stood appalled. This was a discovery for which he was wholly unpre-

pared, and he could not speedily overcome the astonishment and perplexity it caused him.

His young friend resumed.

"It is impossible for me to justify myself, after the generous warning you once gave, me upon this very subject. I acknowledge myself, guilty of a fault, for which I must pay the price of—a life perhaps, of regret!—no matter:—I, only, shall suffer; Mam'selle Ingersdorf will remain ignorant, even of the claim I have on her compassion. It was my intention long ago, to have made this avowal, and so have explained inconsistencies, which otherwise, were unpardonable; I might then have obtained your permission to absent myself wholly: but I know not how it is—such a girlish bashfulness ever restrains me, whenever I have to talk of my softer feelings, that I could not summon up courage to brave it."

"Excellent Leopolstat! upright, candid young man!" exclaimed the Baron,

"would to heaven that Adelaide were my daugthter! the next hour should make you my son. And so, Adelaide is ignorant of this attachment?"

Some confusion appeared in the eyes of Charles, while he stammered out—"I would wish her to be so: and I have never wilfully tried to make her otherwise; but mine is a telltale face, I fear at all times; and when the heart is hurried out of itself with admiration, and unexpected hope, it—it"—

"I understand you," interrupted the Baron. "Our poor Adelaide! then she is not indifferent to your merit? this unexpected hope that you speak of"—

Charles was hastily going to recal what he thought injurious to the delicacy of his mistress, but the Baron silenced him.

"Come, come, you must not be sincere by halves. You need not fear being called either silly or presumptuous: the latter, no one could term you, did you aspire to a Queen's heart; and the for-

mer, I must say nothing about, having myself loved most tenderly. During the reign of my passion, be assured I heartily subscribed to the illustrious Englishman's remark, that "it is not given to the wisest of men, to love, and to be wise."

Encouraged by this indulgence, Charles confessed the momentary convictions of Adelaide's preference, with which his fond heart had frequently been surprized; declared his resolution of avoiding further intercourse with one so dangerous to his peace, Fortune having put it out of his power to hope any thing from that preference, even should some unforeseen event, prevent her union with Count Forshiem. Baron Ingersdorf looked at him with an approving smile.—"I wish you were less heroic!" he cried, "yet you would not delight me as you do, if you were so. Had you but slumbered over this self-examination, a month or two longer, and made the dear girl so in love with you, as to hate this

Forshiem, her father must have given her to you, perforce.

"On my soul, I do believe, that want of fortune, would not be an atom in the scale against you, if the other man were out of the way."

"Oh Sir! why do you call up such seducing and vain ideas!"—Charles mournfully exclaimed. "I see my fate, and will meet it with honour. The partiality of Marshal Ingersdorf, and the fine qualities of Count Forshiem, were additional motives to the self-examination you sportively censure. When Mam'selle Ingersdorf is for ever removed from me, and I engaged in active employment, you shall see me recover myself. Mine is a heart very refractory to the tyrannical god; and possibly it is for that reason he rules it so cruelly."

The levity of Leopolstat's concluding words, and the smile he dressed them in, were wretchedly suited to his quivering lip and agitated voice. He waited not for reply, but abruptly left the place.

The Baron remained lost in thought.

The result of this thought, was a letter to his brother, in which he roundly reprobated him for restraining the freedom of a daughter's choice, trusted him with the conversation which had just passed between him and Leopolstat, (upon whom he lavished many encomiums:) paid a few forced compliments to Forshiem, averring at the same time, that as he had never seen Adelaide since she was a child till the day they passed together in Vienna, his heart could not be affected by a change in her father's resolutions. He then besought him to weigh the importance of the subject, and be decided, not by superior fortune, but by the prospect of happiness for his child.

Our good Baron was so anxious to learn the real strength of his production, that he could scarcely forbear reading it to his wife and niece: that, however, prudence forbade. He contented himself therefore, with sending for the Baroness, and un-

burthening his mind of all the late events relative to Charles; his attachment alone excepted.

It would be vain to conceal, that Baron Ingersdorf's weak point, was an inability to keep admiration shut up within his own heart. When he knew any thing highly honourable to a friend, even though the particulars were given in confidence, he burned to impart them to the persons he most loved. It was not in his nature to enjoy singly, the pleasure of contemplating human excellence. Deriving the most sensible delight, from reaping for the praise-worthy, their full harvest of praise, he was often led into trifling breaches of confidence: but they were seldom hurtful, being chiefly confined to his own domestic circle. He now detailed the whole of Charles's troubles about Demetrius: amplified, and swelled, and particularized, and commented upon every one of them; and finally dismissed the Baroness with a strict charge of secrecy. A charge, which

she observed precisely after his own fashion, by retailing the whole conversation to her niece.

Ah poor Adelaide! how did thy tender heart throb, thy downcast eyes fill with tears of boundless love, while the virtues of thy Charles, were thus brought closer to thee than ever!—How did filial duty, and devoted preference, struggle for the mastery of a soul, which, till now, was ignorant of such conflicts! How deeply wast thou convinced, that neither time nor absence, could eradicate a passion, growing out of the very root of virtue, twining itself with every noble and amiable sentiment: a passion, which required not the presence of its object to be refreshed and invigorated; but having for its vital principle, conviction of that object's excellence; would bid defiance to decay, and flourish as long as his excellence should endure!

Hard is the task, when we enjoin reason to destroy, what reason herself has fos-

tered! Adelaide sickened at the command; and, though conscious that her destiny was already fixed by a father's decree, she could not help casting "many a longing, lingering look behind," upon those moments in which she had flattered herself with being dear to Charles.

So well had Baron Ingersdorf managed for his young friend, that no censure whatever, was passed upon him by the Arch-duke. Nay, when Charles presented himself at his gate, he was admitted to his Royal Highness's lonely breakfast, and received with so much graciousness, that we fear our good Baron's tongue had not failed there, of its usual friendly indiscretion.

The appointment of Aid-de-camp, which the Prince now ratified, facilitated Leopolstat's endeavour of avoiding Adelaide. The symptoms of an approaching war, roused the activity of military speculation: often employed for whole days together in consulting with his illustrious

namesake about the opening of the first campaign, and in studying with him, the topography of the hitherto peaceful country where it was likely to be made, Charles contrived to absent himself from Madame Ingersdorf's, without appearing chargeable with caprice.

The Baron meanwhile, received the following laconic epistle, from his whimsical brother:—

"My dear brother!

"At this moment I give you the heartiest shake of the hand, that ever you had in your life.

"I love the friendly zeal, and plain-speaking of your letter: in return for which, I say Adelaide must marry the man I have brought her up for.—As soon as this cursed law-suit comes to an end, she shall.

" He has not his fellow upon earth; whatever you may think: and after she knows all the good of him, that I can tell her, I have no fear of her not loving him.

" Her approbation of that excellent varlet, Count Leopolstat, (which you would scare me out of my wits at, if you could; but you can't;) is the best proof I can have of her heart's being *winable* only by a brave and upright man. That's just what I hoped it would be.

" However, as I don't want to make that abominable young puppy, at all unhappy, you may send Adelaide home, as soon as possible.—The sooner the better.

Your loving brother,

MAXAMILIAN INGERSDORF."

The Baron was not a little disappointed at this obstinate decision: he saw with concern, that Adelaide's health and cheer-

fulness daily declined; that their once rich roses never visited her cheeks, except when Charles was mentioned.—To delay her departure, under such circumstances, would have been but cruel mercy: hoping something from the effect her altered spirits would have upon her father, he prepared to give up his charge, and commissioned his wife to tell her so.

Charles had just entered the drawing room at Ingersdorf-house, after a tedious Review, when the Baroness thus commissioned, made her appearance. Adelaide was mixing him a refreshing liquid, and trying to overcome her agitation, as she falteringly remarked his fading strength, and suggested the propriety of asking medical advice.

Tossing over some papers she held, the Baroness said abruptly, "I am so angry with that father of your's, my dear!—from whom here is a letter for you;—he has written to the Baron to send you home immediately. I am quite amazed.—"

A faint sound from Adelaide, interrupted her: at this hasty communication, which seemed to convey her sentence to this unhappy girl, she turned sick; what she held fell from her slackened grasp; and she herself, sunk in silence at the feet of Count Leopolstat.

Scarcely could his trembling arms lift her from the ground, or sustain her there, while the affrighted Baroness ran backwards and forwards, seeking hartshorn and smelling salts.

As she hurried into her dressing-room, for Eau de Cologne, Charles, finding himself alone, could not forbear momentarily pressing to his heart, the motionless figure of Mam'selle Ingersdorf. Her sudden swoon had confirmed the dangerous delight of thinking himself beloved; and in the fullness of that conviction, he repeated softly to himself "*My* Adelaide, *my* Adelaide!"

Whether the pressure, or the sound of his voice, operated to awaken Adelaide, is

uncertain, but she did revive, and tears trickled through her still-closed eye-lashes.

A deep sigh which she heaved, as he fearfully slackened his hold round her waist, weakened his best resolves: at that moment, he would have sacrificed the remainder of his life, could it have procured for him the privilege of pouring out all the tenderness and devotedness of his heart. But Forshiem was now his friend; Adelaide going to become that friend's wife. He rose hastily from the ground on which he had been kneeling, and had already laid her on a sopha, when the Baroness re-entered with the Baron.

Extreme distress was painted on the face of the latter; who required only a glimpse of Charles to understand all his feelings.

After swallowing the mixture prepared for her, Adelaide threw herself again on the sopha, unable to repress the tears, with which her floating hair was soon profusely wetted. Every sigh that came

from her breast, pierced that of Charles, who remained gazing in complete abstraction on her beloved figure, till the Baron roused him into recollection. He then took his leave hastily.

Adelaide's fortitude was over for that day: She was even sensible of a little resentment at Charles, for preserving inflexible silence upon the only subject important to her happiness.

In the certainty, that the confession of that attachment, (which his eyes manifested:) would give her a strong plea for urging her own wishes to her father; she almost forgot to admire the heroic uprightness of his reserve: but Adelaide was in love, and upon the point of losing the deserving object of her preference!—

After this interval of weakness, both Charles and Mam'selle de Ingersdorf, schooled themselves into just as much self-command, as enabled them a few days subsequent, to part for ever, without betraying their mutual suffering. But so

unsuccessful had been the efforts of the former, to recover his tranquillity, that when his eyes followed the carriage which bore her into Bavaria, he exclaimed, inwardly, "Now have I nothing to live for, except my brother."

CHAP. IV.

No sooner did Colonel Wurtzburgh recover from the fit of spleen, into which Leopolstat's gentle reproofs had thrown him; no sooner did he dress his dissembling face in false sorrow; than he proceeded to the quarters of his young associate. There he complained of the harshness with which he had been treated, for a mere error of judgment; and protested, that nothing short of conscious integrity could have supported him under the unmerited censure of a man whom he esteemed above all mankind.

Demetrius pleaded the ardour of a brother's affection; which, to lessen the fault of its object, became unknowingly, unjust. For himself, he professed to be convinced of the Colonel's good intentions and sincerely grieved therefore, that his brother should have doubted them.

In the conversation which ensued, Wurtzburgh saw that to retain any influence over Demetrius, he must assume the tone of Charles:—This he did, so admirably, as to make Demetrius regret the lurking prejudice of his almost-faultless brother.

The resolutions of virtue formed by Demetrius, did not end with the strong emotion that produced them. He requested Wurtzburgh never to speak of Madame de Fontainville; but trusting to his firm determination of conquering the pernicious passion she had inspired, leave him in silence to struggle, in silence to suffer.

The Colonel promised: yet not without indulging a secret hope, of soon being

able to bring about another meeting:—An event, which in his opinion was alone wanting, to revive the extravagant wishes of Demetrius: on this event he vainly reckoned. The Marquis de Liancour having received an invitation from one of the French Princes, to accompany him into England, had gladly consented; taking with him, his unhappy, and too-charming daughter.

Unable to comprehend how Demetrius could resign, if he loved her; and still insensible to the criminality of indulging such an attachment while irrevocably bound to another; Zaire answered her lover's last letter, by indiscreet reproaches.

Nothing could have injured her cause so much as this conduct.

The heart of Demetrius awakened to a consciousness of guilt, now anxiously sought for some answering sentiment in that of the woman he still idolized. It secretly recoiled from the evidence before

him, that her soul was incapable of catching the enthusiasm of his.

Fain, fain, would he have thought her, as he had once done, the perfection of female worth!

The discourses of Charles, had infused new ideas of feminine character, into his mind; and when he compared them with that of his too-dear Zaire, he turned away from the comparison with painful disquiet.

Count Forshiem's society, and a temporary absence of Colonel Wurtzburgh, fortunately ripened these good fruits of reflection.

Demetrius, every day grew more composed; steadily pursued the severest studies with intense application; and though his new friend would often see his features agitated by sudden recollections, or behold him start away, and bury a violent burst of anguish in solitude, still he knew him resolute in the endeavour of regaining his brother's esteem.

Forshiem was so skilled in his profession, and so accomplished in every manly exercise, that he was never at a loss for methods to vary the occupations of Demetrius; and there was so much constant happiness in his sun-burnt countenance, that he might be said to carry about with him such a care-ending atmosphere, as dwells upon lofty mountains.

From admiring this happiness, young Leopolstat at length proceeded to feel its amiable contagion; and though his lonely nights were passed but too often in weak regret, in all the excess of wildly-remembered passion; his days were given to interesting employment, during which, he was able to repel the seducing image of Zaire, whenever it intruded.

The warm applause with which all Charles's letters were filled, contributed in no small degree, to animate the despairing heart of Demetrius. Judicious praise is the aliment of virtue: Demetrius found it so; and now looked to that brother

with increased fondness; as if his tender nature could not exist without lavishing on another object what it was forced to take from Madame de Fontainville.

As those that have been sick, best know how to estimate health: so, it is only the penitent sinner, who can tell the unspeakable joys of a reconciled conscience.—Demetrius felt these joys: and frequently after the pang of sudden regret had quivered through every nerve, became sensible to an exulting glow, which repaid him for all his sufferings.

Count Forshiem won upon his affection, without endeavouring to penetrate his melancholy secret: so that by the time Colonel Wurtzburgh returned to the regiment, he found a monitor near his victim, little inferior to the hated Charles.

In vain he urged his young friend to seek comfort in social pleasures: Demetrius had lost his relish for them. He was now much better pleased in a solitary ride with Forshiem, (opposing his genius to

the other's experience; while they solved military problems;) than when he had been the enlivening principle of a whole assembly.

The young men, were at this time deeply engaged in trying to discover the materials which composed the celebrated Greek Fire*. Many, were the ridiculous results of their wild experiments; producing all the effect Forshiem intended, that of making Demetrius laugh. His heart was too humane, seriously to seek a discovery, which applied again to its former use, might add another to the many tremendous engines invented for human destruction:—yet he would not lose

* This terrible composition, was invented by an Egyptian in the eighth century, and was first used at the memorable siege of Constantinople.

It may be necessary perhaps, to inform some readers, that it was a bituminous mixture, (the secret of which, has not come down to later ages;) propelled from metal tubes, and producing an unquenchable fire.

such an opportunity of diverting the thoughts of his friend into new channels.

In their wanderings over the Bellunese, they saw the ground with soldiers' eyes; and frequently Demetrius forgot to remark its beauties, in the ardour with which he canvassed the advantages and disadvantages it presented, for attack or defence.

Forshiem encouraged this growing taste; and suffered nothing to escape, which could assist his benevolent endeavours: in short, he turned every thing into lessons of that science, which it was now patriotism to study.

They were one evening returning from a long ride, and the shadows were deepening fast, as they entered a precipitous defile; when Demetrius stopped to reconnoitre what he called an admirable situation for two pieces of ordnance, with which he engaged to defend the pass against a prodigious number of enemies. Forshiem laughing outrageously at the adroitness

with which, like all other system-makers he had pushed away every invincible obstacle, forgot he was on horseback; and his horse suddenly starting, he was thrown off.

The mischief to himself was trifling: but the accident had caused such alarm to an old ecclesiastic and his niece, who were crossing the valley, that Forshiem could do no less than apologize. The young lady was in a tremor of benevolent apprehension: however, she soon recovered on being led into a neighbouring cottage, where not only her uncle, but Demetrius, and the unlucky Count, assisted in quieting her nerves.

Mutual railleries upon their separate enthusiasm, awkwardness, and weakness, succeeded to their momentary confusion the old gentleman laid the blame of the accident entirely to the account of a hug umbrella, which he had unfortunately extended in the energy of discourse, before the startled horse; and the younger ones

scrupled not to felicitate themselves, upon the prospect of having made an agreeable acquaintance, merely at the cost of a bruised shoulder.

At parting, they exchanged names.—The old cottager, who had hitherto seen little more of the friends than their shining uniforms, no sooner heard the name of Leopolstat, than hastily putting down a flaggon of wine she held, and fitting on a pair of spectacles, exclaimed, "Blessed virgin! is it your lordship?"

Demetrius, who was just stooping under her vine-covered porch, turned back at the fluttered voice, and restraining grasp c his benign smile, confirmed her error.

She dropped upon her knees; "O this is a blessing, to see your Lordship under my humble roof!—Sure you cannot forget old Natalie?—'Tis full five years since I met your Lordship at my poor Gasper's death-bed, and yet"——Here she broke off, and the tears fell over her clasped hands.

"You mistake me for some one else;" said Demetrius, raising her from the ground,—"I never was in this country before."

"O! that was always your honour's way I'm told—you wouldn't have your good deeds known: but I tell 'em every day to the blessed saints.—Your Lordship knows it was in Alsace."

"Most likely you mean my brother," interrupted Demetrius. The cottager looked at him a few moments while he smilingly took off his Hussar cap.—He shook back his luxuriant hair, which parted like clouds rolling away from the soft brightness of the moon. Forshiem, at that instant thought he had never before seen so charming a countenance; and the poor woman hesitated, as if unwilling to resign her delightful error.

"Yes;—it must have been your brother, Sir," she said at length,—"five years ago, he was the model of what you are now.—But to be sure, fighting, and sleep-

ing among snows without a bed, and being shut up in towns as were besieged, and so starving like, must have taken away all his nice fresh colour; but still—he must be the handsomest gentleman that ever these eyes shall see."

The clergyman and his niece who had returned into the cottage, with the young man, now joined old Natalie's anxiety to know if the Count Leopolstat they were then addressing, was her benefactor Count Charles. Demetrius quickly satisfied them, and learned in return, the following circumstances.

During each campaign, it had always been the benevolent custom of Charles to visit his sick soldiers, after every engagement. In one of these visits, he had been greatly affected by the situation of a very brave serjeant, who, though wounded incurably, expressed no solicitude about life, except for the sake of an aged parent, then on her way to receive his last farewel.

Natalie arrived time enough to soothe the dying hour of her only child; and to see him yield his breath in peace, relying on a promise of protection for her, which was given him by his Captain.—From that period she lived on a small pension from Charles; which, together with a collection he made for her amongst his brother officers, sufficed to restore her to her own country, where she now shared the cottage of a surviving sister.

These circumstances, were not uncommon; but Natalie's gratitude made her eloquent, young Leopolstat's delighted attention rendered him interesting, and therefore the rest of the party could not listen to the recital without glistening eyes.

"What a brother I have!" exclaimed Demetrius, (following Forshiem from the cottage, after having left in Natalie's hand as he shook it, a piece of gold.) "That is a charming old woman, too.—So much ardour in her praises!—Taking me for

Charles, has absolutely won my heart.—We'll visit her every day, Ferdinand."

"I certainly cannot pay any compliment to your gallantry," observed the Count, "for you stood gazing enamoured at this aged fair one, without appearing to remember that there was a young and a pretty one, listening to your mutual raptures. But if your taste really runs in the same channel with Charles's, preferring the sight of old age made happy, to youth with all its attractions, I'm at your service for a daily lounge."

The next morning, their visit was duly paid to Natalie; after which our Hussars proceeded to the house of Soldini, the good ecclesiastic.

It was an humble mansion sunk among bowers of orange and myrtle trees; delightfully sheltered by steep hills, clothed with vineyards and mulberry grounds, from which, every sweeping breeze came laden with sweets. Domestic comfort reigned throughout the little domain: peace

and cheerfulness, sat on the countenance of its master.

He led his guests from the house into the garden, where his orphan nieces were gathering flowers: at sight of him, Lorenza, the eldest (for the other was a child,) relinquished her employment, and advanced lightly forward.

Both the friends were agreeably surprized at the graces of her little person, and wondered they had not admired it more in the cottage. But Lorenza's was a figure which owed its greatest charm to a sylph-like airiness, that was the more striking when seen from a distance: her complexion lost much of its brightness when she was not in exercise; and such as saw her when she was otherwise than gay, saw her not. Freshness, frankness, and youth, were her only beauties; yet these, formed a face, which every one felt handsome, and called otherwise.

Our Hussars, were so pleased with Lorenza's enchanting vivacity, and her uncle's

good sense; and found the fruits and ices of which they partook under the shade of an accacia, so very refreshing, that for the first time since they had been together, they forgot the very name of war.

The clock of an adjoining monastery struck four separate hours, before they thought of departing. Mutual expressions of pleasure, mutual assurances of cultivating mutual intimacy; smiles, bows, nods, and shakes of the hand, were then exchanged over the little gate, that let the young men into the foot road.

"I have heard my father observe," said Forshiem, "that great spirits, make great fools; but I beg leave to dissent, since I have seen Lorenza Soldini. We have made a most agreeable acquaintance, Leopolstat; don't you think so?"

"Indeed I do," returned the other, "if the good pastor will not be afraid of admitting us too often, we may find his house a relief after hard study. There is just a due mixture of ease and modesty,

in the manners of his niece; and she has such an animating countenance!"

"'Tis a very odd one, faith!" exclaimed Forshiem, "it reminded me in five minutes, of every agreeable face I had ever seen in my life: men's, and women's, the handsome, and the plain, the amiable, and the sublime. Surely, such a delightful variety in expression, atones for the absence of critical beauty."

"Oh, beauty, syren beauty!" said Demetrius in a tone of deep sadness—"why do we prize it so, when it bewitches away our guardian angel, reason?—Lorenza is much better without it."

He then sunk into sudden silence, from which not all the friendly efforts of Forshiem could effectually rouse him. His heart was full of Madame de Fontainville: some evanescent expression of Lorenza Soldini's changeful eyes, had forcibly recalled the most seducing looks of her's; and all the tenderness that inspired them, now pressed upon his memory.

These reflections no longer maddened his brain; but they created a melancholy, far more oppressive. Certain that he had parted from Zaire for ever, he thought that with her, he relinquished the animating sentiment in which his nature could alone find happiness. The thrilling pleasures of mutual love, seemed to have vanished from his youthful sight, and a dreary void alone stretched before him.

For that day, Forshiem ceased to disturb his friend's reveries; but on the next, he beguiled him into writing to his brother, an occupation which was of all others best calculated to refresh his fainting spirit.

The correspondence between Charles and Forshiem, though regular and various, never once verged towards those topics in which young men with engaged hearts, are apt to indulge: it was so wholly made up of remarks on men, books, and accidental occurrences, that a third person reading their separte let-

ters, would have pronounced them absorbed in the pursuit of knowledge.

The Count now detailed at length, their visit to the pastor of——believing he should not stand acquitted of his promise, without thus enabling Charles to watch over every new connection of his brother's.

With Wurtzburgh, Forshiem associated because Demetrius still stiled him friend: but he did it without one particle of esteem: the Colonel in return eyed him with secret vexation. He saw in him a strong barrier opposed to his sanguine prospect of converting the desperate state of young Leopolstat's mind, into the means of his ultimate destruction, and he therefore postponed his views, without relinquishing them.

Assuming the habits of the friends, he frequently joined their rides, and walks to the worthy pastor's; nay, old Natalie had her share of attention, and was once or twice presented by him with a silk

gown and hood, for festival days. Demetrius could not help inwardly acknowledging the general superiority of Forshiem; yet at those moments he would say to himself, "Wurtzburgh is a worthy fellow!"—and he said this the oftener for thinking it the less.

When he wrote to Charles, his heart prompted the warmest eulogium of their mutual friend: for he rightly judged that to the noble nature of his brother, such praises would be consoling, as it was only in the excellence of his rival that he could find consolation for resigning Adelaide.

Charles in return, did not suffer Demetrius to employ his thoughts about conjecturing the fate of Madame de Fontainville: he was conscious that the woman who has once been loved, must ever be interesting; and therefore when he heard occasionally from her father, he spoke of them in his letters. This conduct was equally humane and judici-

ous: it lulled the anxious fears, while it awakened the still-livelier thankfulness of Demetrius; whose tears now and then stealing down upon these letters, flowed as much from gratitude as from regret.

The society at the pastor's, contributed in no slight degree to efface the impressions of unhallowed passion. Soldini had the happy art of never losing sight of his sacred function, even in the most social hours: his conversation always led to reflections which bettered the heart, and elevated the mind. In his life, you read the beauty of his doctrines; in his countenance you saw the blessedness of his soul.

Demetrius daily gathered from him, new stores of principle, which insensibly left no room for selfish and inordinate desire. He became reconciled to the blow which had severed him from Zaire: and while playing with the little Simmonetta, (Soldini's youngest niece;) lost every painful remembrance in genuine gaiety.

The pretty sportiveness of this child,

the whimsical archness of her sister, the contagious cheerfulness of Forshiem were so many salutary medicines which brought back the health and spirits of Demetrius: and though a loud sigh would often arrest a loud laugh, yet he laughed again the very next moment.

Nearly three months had elapsed since the young men's introduction to the worthy pastor, when the clashing interests of the congress at Rastadt, and the rapid changes in military dispositions, announced another war. The brigade in which they were, was ordered to proceed further into the Venetian states; after which it was probable their regiments would be separated. This was a severe mortification to both.

They took leave of the pastor's family, with an emotion which was only excelled by that of the once-gay Lorenza, who now sat bathed in tears by the side of Forshiem; while her little sister clung round the neck of Demetrius, repeating the un-

restrained kiss of childhood, and sobbing out an intreaty that he would not leave them.

Demetrius loved this endearing child, with such unaffected warmth, that he could scarcely call up a single smile to sooth her grief.

Soldini regarded him with a painful excess of pity; for he thought less of their present separation than their eternal one, which the fate of war, rendered so probable.

After this removal, the regiment of Wurtzburgh, was cantoned in the Trevisane; that to which Forshiem belonged, in the Vicentin: Wurtzburgh now had his destined prey within his grasp, and only waited for an opportunity (which he trusted young Leopolstat's character would soon furnish:) to whelm him in irrevocable ruin.

Scarcely had the reviving Demetrius began to indulge in dreams of future fame, upon the romantic banks of the Livenza, when an incident occurred, which promised a recompense for his past sufferings.

The winter had set in, with peculiar severity; yet he frequently braved its piercing air, wrapt up in his pelisse, musing on times gone, and times to come.

The absence of his friend Forshiem; and the new light in which his altered habits made him behold Wurtzburgh; some tender recollections of scenes long since over, never to be renewed, conspired with a dark tempestuous night, about the end of December, to depress his spirits more than usual. As he passed the sentinels, their cheerful songs, or careless whistle, called up a train of thoughts upon the miseries of that superior cultivation, which serves only to render our moral sense, more exquisite to pain :—He contrasted his blighted feeling with their jovial thoughtlessness; and pondering on the brevity of that existence, of which so great a part had passed with him, solely in procuring himself sorrow, his reflections clothed themselves in the following dress.

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

O! as I wander thus, and think how Time
Passeth away, and sweeps with mighty hand,
Our loves and comforts from us, I am sad;
And, my heart aching, while my eyes o'erflow,
Beats to this mournful truth, That life is pain.
Why is it that with eager zeal we search
The volumes of philosophy, and build
The lofty dome of knowledge?—Wherefore seek
To cherish subtle feeling, that will soon
Turn like a nurtured viper on the soul,
And sting the breast that warm'd it?—O, to gain
All Wisdom's wealth, to be soft Feeling's child,
Is but to barb and speed those venom'd darts
Of disappointment, which unerring Time
Will finally cast at us!—As we rove
Thro' this sad place of tears, we daily see
Friends falling from us; death, or fickle change,
Wasting our dearest blessings: Every hour
Convinceth us, that all the pomp of rank,
The painted shadow, Pleasure, the gay cup
Which Dissipation offers; one and all
Contain but honeyed poison:—Not a joy
Lives, save in quiet scenes of home-delight.

And even there—yes there, where we might hope
Peace would be for ever found; piercing thoughts
Torture remembrance: Ghosts of blissful days
Long since departed, never to return,
Haunt the wild heart; while oft, with sudden force
Crime, or cold interest, from its present store
Will snatch its fondest treasure.—Could I then,
Yield up this restless feeling; and wipe out
All memory of the past, all useless lore,
That only teaches me to be a wretch,
O! I would do it gladly; would kneel down
And thank that God who granted me the power.
For I am weary of this troubled life,
Tho' I have just but enter'd it; and tho'
Youth with its earliest currents fills my veins.
Alas! alas! this is a heavy world;
But for a better hope, its various ills
Could ne'er be borne!——

Abstracted from every thing outward, he had wandered to a great distance; when starting into recollection at the sound of repeated shrieks, he beheld one wing of a large building (which from its extent and magnificence, appeared to be the palace of some nobleman;) enveloped in flames.

It was evident that the wretched inhabitants were but just awakened to a sense of their situation: for he saw only a few unclothed domestics, issuing from the lower apartments, and using frantic endeavours to rouse the sleepers at the other wing. Without a moment's consideration he rushed into the hall, flew up the lofty staircase, and, forcing through the smoke and flames, (which a strong current, of air from several uniting galleries, rendered tremendous;) burst into a room, where he beheld a sight that animated his exertions.

It was a lovely girl, wrapt only in the covering of her bed, and kneeling on the ground. Simple as was this drapery, yet it concealed her so carefully, that the most apprehensive delicacy would have chosen it. Demetrius caught only a glimpse of her terrified face, from the quantity of auburn hair, which escaping from its confinement, had fallen half-braided half-loose, over her neck: he saw no more of her figure than

the hand grasping its covering, and two pretty little feet, whiter than ivory. I must do him the justice to say, that he never once thought of prettiness, while he sprang forward.

"Save her! save her!" cried the distracted girl, pushing away the hand he stretched out, and pointing to the floor, upon which lay a venerable lady devoid of sense.

"I can save ye both," was his impetuous, answer:—but, alas! when he came to lift the lady from the ground, he found her single weight as much as he could support.

He then hastily asked the trembling girl, if she had courage to follow him, and receiving a quicker affirmative, burst through the gathering fire. It was not till he reached the outside of the portico, that he found himself unaccompanied: Casting his still-senseless charge into the arms of strangers, while the flames spread over the

whole face of the building, he hurried back in search of the younger lady.

The staircase had fallen in: but the distracted cries of the poor girl, becoming every moment fainter, forbade him to relinquish his enterprize. He flew again to the front; incoherently upbraiding the amazed bystanders, for seeking only to save the edifice, while a fellow-creature's life was at stake.

Several voices now suddenly called out, The Princess!—the Princess!—They were unheard by Demetrius; who, mounting on the falling fragments of a collonade and climbing from point to point, reached an open window, where the object of his search appeared.

At the hazard of both their lives, he bore her down in his arms, through the gathering flames, (which, happily, the wind blew off the collonade;) and at length reached the ground in safety.

The fire had destroyed half that beauti-

ful hair, which had so often delighted the partial eyes of Charles, and had scorched one arm so much, as to render it impossible for him to conceal his bodily anguish; yet Demetrius did not remember having crushed the flame upon his head as he dashed through the palace, and scarcely felt the torment of a burnt shoulder, while witnessing the joy of the rescued ladies.

"How shall I ever repay you, Sir?"—asked the elder, rising from the arms of her companion. "My life was of no consequence except to this beloved child, for whose sake I do indeed value it: and you have saved hers too!"

"The satisfaction of this moment, would o'er-pay a much more hazardous action;" replied Demetrius. "I would not part with my present feelings, for an empire!"

The younger lady caught his enthusiasm, exclaiming—"Whoever you are, Sir, I shall love you all my days."

Demetrius turned at the sound of her thrilling voice; and as the broad light

blazed over a highly-animated countenance, thought he had never before, seen one so delightful.

Half the palace was yet untouched:—the party now took shelter there; while the servants, and military, by this time assembled, were employed in stifling the fire. Demetrius returned to assist in these needful exertions; and after a short absence, brought back the agreeable intelligence, of all danger having terminated.

Mutual enquiries and answers, now followed: from which Demetrius learned, that the interesting young creature whose delicate form shivered before him, under a single miserable covering, was that admired Princess of Nuremberg, whom he had so often heard described:—and that the old lady was her invalid grandmother, the Duchess di Felieri.

After exchanging expressions of sincere pleasure at this singular rencontre, the ladies retired to their devotions; and he took his station in the hall of the ruined

wing, where a party of his own soldiers were placed to secure the palace from plunder.

"If it be so sweet to save life," he exclaimed, inwardly, rolling himself round in his cloak and laying down upon the floor, "how dreadful must it be, to take it!"

This unlucky suggestion of a too-tender heart, banished the sleep he was about to court; and he spent the few remaining hours of night, in canvassing every objection to a profession, the horrors of which, he had never before brought so close to his mental eye.

CHAP. V.

So soon as decorum would permit, our young soldier went to the other wing, to inquire after its illustrious inhabitants:—he would have excused himself from seeing them on account of his disordered dress; but the excuse was not accepted. He was forced to appear.

The Duchess held out her hand to him.

"So, you have been up all night, to protect what this cruel fire has spared!—Why my dear Count, you absolutely revive the age of chivalry. I am almost tempted to rejoice at an event, which by

bringing me acquainted with so much gallantry and intrepidity, has opportunely put me into good humour with the world, just before I have to quit it: for I would not willingly part in enmity, even with that. Come, sit you down, and don't let me hear any more of your appearance:—On my life, I believe you have studied how to make it peculiarly becoming!—I see a barbarous attack meditated in that careless cluster of hair, that arm slung in a military sash, that look of affecting languor! Confess now, have you not tried all night to be pale and fatigued, to-day, that you might excite interest?"

This lively sally would have disconcerted Charles, but Demetrius only momentarily blushing, said gaily,—" If I could have had the most distant idea of so delightful a consequence resulting from such a plan, I should certainly have pursued it. But, so far from divining that, I candidly acknowledge that my vanity

was not a little piqued this morning, by the image reflected on me by one of your Highness's immense mirrors."

"Well! well!" resumed the Duchess, laughing, "that opportune blush, shews me how much more advantageous, colour is to your features, so I believe you must be acquitted of having endeavoured to rob them of it."

A more serious conversation now ensued; in which the venerable lady expressed herself, with a sensibility as uncommon at her age, as was her former extreme vivacity. While she was still speaking, Constantia entered.

Recovered from the terror of the preceding night, and bright with delight, she appeared to Demetrius like the morning star. No longer obscured, her lovely shape was attired in a habit that suited its airiness. This delicately-slender shape, her slight foot, and finely-turned ancle, her colour like the bloom of almond trees, her speaking eyes, and skin

transparently fair, not dazzlingly white, formed a decided contrast to the remembrance of Madame de Fontainville.

The latter, was like an alabaster copy of "that beauteous statue which enchants the world," animated into motion, and breathing only love: while the person of the other, seemed but the spiritualized dress of an etherial nature, through every part of which, the living principle, glowed vividly.

This very contrast, recalled Zaire, but the more forcibly to the mind of Demetrius. He gazed on the Princess with an expression too poignant to be unobserved: yet the Duchess attributed it to mere admiration.

The animation with which Demetrius had entered the Felieri Palace, was completely banished by this fatal remembrance. It pressed upon him with a force that seemed to reproach him for ever being happy. He forbade himself to think

Constantia delightful: as if some mysterious power that had presided over his former passion, was foreseeing its extinction, and thus endeavouring to keep that passion alive.

How often during the reign of his wild infatuation, had he turned impatiently from the praises of this very Constantia, whose character, both Charles and Baron Ingersdorf, took pleasure in covertly opposing to that of Madame de Fontainville! How often had he vowed almost to hate her!

Memory, in recalling these circumstances, recalled a multitude of ecstatic moments, which now, could never return:—for the charm was broken; and in becoming sensible to the guilt of their attachment, he had lost that rapturous belief of Zaire's perfection, which made those moments so exquisite. Yet he loved her still;—painfully loved her!

The young Princess observing his sad-

ness, checked her own vivacity, and turned the conversation immediately towards his brother.

Nothing could be so well adapted to allure back the cheerfulness of Demetrius: "It was his music, to speak the praise of Charles." And now, encouraged by the sweet smiles of the Princess, and the repeated questions of the Duchess, he made his panegyric in the most animated terms. Sometimes he illustrated his remarks by sketches of the conduct which excited them; and sometimes, (where his own feelings forbade explanation;) he paused awhile, only to renew with greater energy the assurance of that brother's unequalled goodness.

Demetrius was not aware that in thus making Charles's eulogium, he was literally making his own. For both ladies admired a nature which thus proved itself incapable of envy, and alive to the most sacred of sentiments.

In the common intercourse of life, we have so many circumvallations of ceremony, to pierce through; so many outworks of awe and reserve, to carry, ere we can get to the heart, that it is seldom we have time enough to discover in another, or to display in ourselves, that congeniality which turns acquaintance into friendship. All these obstacles however, were cleared away, before the little party now assembled: Terror, joy, and gratitude, had at once thrown open the gates of each bosom; rank and etiquette were no more remembered; and they now saw in one another, only the preserver and the preserved.

Under the influence of such feelings, no wonder they were all equally pleased.

By degrees the melancholy clouds on the face of Demetrius, were displaced by serenity, and then the Duchess observed that resemblance between him and her grand-daughter, which had been remarked by Charles and others. This was the re-

semblance of colouring and expression, rather than of feature; but it was very striking; arguing a similarity both in temperament and mind.

During this visit Demetrius learned that Mam'selle de Ingersdorf was still with her father near Munich, and that she was well in health.

Willingly would Demetrius have known more of one, in whom he was interested from her endearing qualities, as much as from the certainty of her power over his brother's peace; but the Princess evidently shunned the subject; though the sudden sigh she drew, while lamenting her friend's departure from Vienna, convinced her watchful auditor, that she knew the extent of Adelaide's situation.

The Duchess had determined upon removing to a neighbouring lodge while the burned wing should be rebuilt; for which purpose the domestics were employed in transferring part of the furniture. Demetrius was now invited to join the family

there at supper, that evening; and he then left the palace with a trophy of Constantia's favour; having had his inconvenient sling replaced by one, which her own delicate hands adjusted.

Power and wealth, are the only magicians: they can create fairy-land out of desarts, and turn a dull pile, into a scene of splendour!

When Demetrius entered the lodge, he was surprised to see it as rich in ornament and comfort, as if it had always been the residence of princes. The situation itself was highly romantic: hanging over the Livenza river, and surrounded by gigantic evergreens. Beautiful exotics bloomed in every saloon; and the genial temperature of an air, artificially produced, made him forget that all was winter without.

As he trod the matted galleries, anticipating the partial reception he was sure to meet with, his heart seemed to whisper that here it had found its home. He felt a sort of property in the charming women

whose lives he had saved, and almost longed to greet their kindness with a cordial embrace.

As he approached the Princess (after having kissed the out-stretched hand of the Duchess,) she said with her usual innocent frankness,

"We have thought you so long!—I believe we shall never feel safe again without you."

"And I am sure," rejoined the old lady, "we shall never thoroughly enjoy any future pleasure, unless our deliverer has his full share of it.—We have not many pleasures here, 'tis true; but I can add to them, for the sake of a young man to whom I owe so much.

"Are you fond of music, Count?—Do you love dancing? or hunting? or reading? or social quiet? or what do you like? Before we can get quite as sociable as I mean we shall be, we must understand each others tastes. Though my Constantia cheerfully quits the gay world, to enliven

the retirement of an infirm old woman, I will not insist upon your doing the same; and yet I must see you very often.—So chuse how it is to be:—in assemblies, or at that little supper-table?"

Overpowered with gratitude and gratification, Demetrius, of course, poured out a most eloquent rhapsody about the delight of social intercourse, the improving calm of seclusion, the inexhaustible riches of study; sprinkling his discourse very plentifully with allusions to the contemplative walk between avenues of awe-inspiring cedars; the distant roar of the Adriatic, and the beauties of moon-light: in short, Demetrius wished to retain the favour of the Duchess, and with a harmless deceit, kept back his taste for hunting and dancing, avowing only his real predilection for the other pursuits.

The Duchess smiled.

"This philosophic indifference to common pleasures," she said, "lifts you so above our level, that I see you must be

corrupted a little, to make you companionable: we'll have a ball here very soon; and then you shall have an opportunity of trying whether Constantia hangs as heavy on your hands, as she did last night on your arms."

A hearty laugh at this play upon words, spared Demetrius from replying. The Princess though blushing, eyed him still more archly than her grandmother.

"Your wish to please my grandmama," she said, "is so agreeable to me, Count, that I will not quarrel with you for putting a negative upon balls and concerts; but just let me hint to you, that you may safely recal that negative, and honestly own, you love to sing and dance, and be happy now and then among crowds.—If you are as like me in character as in countenance, you can be happy any where: alone or in company; in a ball-room, or in a wood; reading or talking; playing the philosopher, or playing the fool; and so you may as well consent to be happy a

fortnight hence, dancing with me, as resolve upon awkwardly masquerading in your present garb of a Nestor:—it don't become you, upon my honour."

Such good-humoured raillery produced no worse effect upon Demetrius, than rendering him completely ingenuous. He confessed guilty to the charge of dissimulation, owned that dancing was one of his favourite amusements, music his passion; and finally engaged himself for the enviable distinction of waltzing at the coming ball, with his fair accuser.

Hours now flew like minutes.—Lively imaginations and warm hearts, never permitted the conversation to cease, or become languid: they were like friends meeting after long absence: each, had a profusion of things to say, and each listened with animated interest to the details of the other.

Constantia, who would not allow any one to attend the Duchess but herself, glided airily about, her, performing all

those little offices of attentive affection, which are so endearing when cheerfully executed: and Demetrius, after a short contest, was permitted to dismiss, and take the place of the male attendant, whose business it was, to lift his Lady from one station to another.

When they were seated at supper, the business of the repast gave fresh vivacity to their conversation: and had a painter wished for models of youthful delight, he might have found them in Princess Constantia and our young Hussar.

Ah, unhappy Zaire! at this very moment, wast thou, in a distant country, gazing with swimming eyes, upon the miniature of that beautiful face which thy tenderness had so often lighted up, with all the charm of transport! At this very moment, was thy too-faithful heart, beating with an incurable passion, and silently petitioning the God of pity, to forgive its criminal constancy!

When Colonel Wurtzburgh first heard of his young Lieutenant's introduction to the Duchess di Felieri, he was seized with such an acute fit of his old disease, envy, that with difficulty he concealed it: but recovering after a short struggle, he consoled himself with hoping that in so unequal an intimacy might be sown the seeds of that misery for the brothers, which his demoniac genius was so well qualified to ripen. He therefore congratulated Demetrius, liberally praised the Duchess, and her charming grand-daughter, and begged earnestly to obtain an introduction also.

This was easily accomplished. The Duchess grateful for the services of Wurtzburgh's regiment, had already ordered money to be distributed among the soldiers; and she now gave a magnificent entertainment to the officers, at which some of the finest performers from the Venetian Opera-house, exerted their be-

witching talents. A ball followed the concert, composed of the nobility, and neighbouring military.

At this gala, Constantia's uncle was present. He came to congratulate their venerable relative upon her providential escape; and personally to present the young Count Leopolstat, with a sword superbly hilted with diamonds.

In the company of the Prince of Nuremberg, it was impossible to forget that he was a Prince: his air warned even his intimates never to lose sight of that. If he smiled, it was a smile which awed, not invited the gaiety of others; if he conversed, his cold stateliness checked the current of conversation, confining it solely to his questions and their replies.

Demetrius could not help perceiving in this Prince's ostentatious acknowledgments, the want of gratitude's best ingredient, a delight at having been obliged. No sooner had he given him the glittering sword, and delivered it with a formal

speech of future patronage, before an assemblage of company, than he seemed to think that his involuntary debt was completely acquitted; and that he might henceforth consider the young subaltern as a creature intitled to no more than the usual share of illustrious condescension.

Had not the eyes of Constantia pleaded for her uncle's ungraciousness, and by their kindness atoned for it, the high-spirited Demetrius, would have been tempted to risk Nuremberg's eternal displeasure, by refusing the bauble, to which he now affixed no value. He checked the resentful swell of his proud heart, simply bowed a reply, and politely fastened it at his side.

This momentary mortification was fully compensated by the pointed attentions of the Duchess; she was not to be frowned out of laudable feeling by a petulant nephew. Conscious that Demetrius deserved the warmest gratitude, and held that rank in society, which privileged her openly to shew it, she evidently made his

gratification, her sole aim, in the amusements of the evening!

Unaccustomed to the opposition of any of her wishes, and unused to consult either private or public opinion; habituated to follow every benevolent impulse without considering the inconveniences to which it might lead, she now secretly resolved to adopt this engaging youth, and to bequeath him at her death, that part of her fortune which she had formerly destined for her nephew. The icy reserve of the Prince, disgusted her: perhaps she was unconsciously piqued at the indifference about her life, and his niece's, which cold conduct to their preserver certainly implied. Whatever was the motive, from that night she conceived as immoderate a dislike to him, as she had taken an affection for Demetrius, and saw the former depart, a few days afterwards, without offering at a single attempt to detain him.

The incident of the ball, had shewn her

the heartlessness of costly presents. To have given the young soldier any more diamonds, would she thought taste of her nephew's repaying principle: she therefore merely presented him with a rich pelisse, embroidered in gold, by herself.

The kindness with which Demetrius was uniformly received at the lodge, and his aptitude to forget every distinction, in affection, soon produced a complete familiarity, which shewed all their minds in that negligent undress that is so becoming, when worn by sense and virtue.

Dividing the day between exercise, employment, and elegant recreation, was so much the habit of Constantia and her grandmother, that they seemed ignorant of the merit attached to so laudable a use of time.

Demetrius never saw with them, any of that lassitude, or those capricious humours, springing out of indolence: they had no occasion to rack their friend's inventions

for new amusements, being satisfied with such as they had enjoyed together for many months.

Though unable to move without assistance, the Duchess did not suffer her mind to become the slave of her body: society of the enlightened and the good, and the works of genius were glorious resources, which never failed her. She continued also, to hold a stated court; and had days of audience, at which her numerous tenantry attended with complaints or petitions, every one of which, she heard and examined.

Each hour of the day was dedicated by her, to some laudable purpose, or some innocent recreation: every domestic under her roof had his determined use: and though constant employment occupied all the members of her vast household, the mind of its mistress, communicated its own serene character to them, producing that placid steadiness which is the beauty of order. "Such an order the heavenly bodies keep, which so move that they ever

seem to stand still, and never disturb one another."

While the Duchess thus reigned within, a domestic deity, Constantia visited the sick and aged in the environs of the palace; often administering with her own hands, the medicines prescribed by their physician. It was then, that Demetrius (being now permitted to accompany her walks,) felt the full power of Constantia: the loveliness of her person, faded before the brightness of her soul; her benevolent actions perpetually awakened that tender admiration which neither mere beauty nor love, can ever arouse: he would then think of Madame de Fontainville with a sigh of bitter concern.

What a maturity, did a youth so employed appear to promise!—it was impossible for him to see her as he often did, stooping to caress the peasant children, condescending to tell them little tales, and to give them short instructions, without imagining the period in which she

would probably be surrounded, by a race of her own. At those moments he could not forbear wishing that she had been born of less splendid parents, and that it had been his brother's lot, to seek and to obtain her congenial heart.

It was impossible for Demetrius not to love virtues so blended with graces and accomplishments, and so enlivened by spirits, blooming in perpetual spring.—He gave way to the delight with which the contemplation of them, inspired him, believing it a harmless, nay a praise-worthy sentiment. Alas! he knew not, under how many different garbs the tyrant passion obtains entrance through the breast!

The painful tenderness which he still retained for Madame de Fontainville, assisted yet more in deceiving him. He had so long believed it impossible for him, entirely to conquer that unfortunate attachment, that he was insensible to its gradual decline. In nothing was the diminution of this passion so evident, as in the decay of

its hopes: for in proportion as his desire to possess Madame de Fontainville, lost its earnestness, the death of her husband, appeared an event, less and less probable.

Sometimes a casual remark, by rousing long-forgotten scenes, would for awhile revive all the impetuosity of forbidden wishes; and then pity, the strongest feeling he now cherished for the once-adored Zaire, would rise to such an agony as to impose on him for love.

These occasional fits of grief served only to render his character more interesting to his illustrious friends, and to cheat himself into a belief that he was still a m artyo self-imposed despair.

Leopolstat's letters were always sure to banish this false idea of his own unequalled sufferings: they were so fraught with restrained but profound sadness, that Demetrius acknowledged his superior claim on compassion and respect.

His answer to that, in which Demetrius related his introduction to the Felieri

family, and his vain endeavour to hear something particular of Adelaide, contained in one part, these words.—

"I sincerely thank you, my dearest brother, for your tender solicitude about my happiness; and do assure you, it is an additional motive to me, for contending with a weakness at which I ought to blush.

"I will not attempt to conceal from you, that my heart *has* received a deep and dreadful wound: it will take many years to cure—and then, your brother can have no other hope in life than to see you happy.

"You will pardon this excess of regret, when you recollect, that men at my age, (at least such as are susceptible of the softer feelings;) have more causes for lamenting the disappointment of a strong attachment, than such as are younger.—With the woman they love, is associated the sweet expectation of a home and a family; an estimation in society, which no single man feels himself justly entitled

to claim; a domestic haven, after years of extravagant hopes, fantastic wishes, and merely selfish toil; a new and more powerful incentive to honourable action; a certainty, in short, of those substantial blessings which are never to be found except in a union of duties and sentiments; they renounce, therefore, the whole aim of life, even in the very noonday of it; (for an attachment, endeared by such associations, is not often subdued;) while the views of younger men, being bounded by the mere possession of one beloved object, after a temporary disappointment may stretch forward to another."

When perusing such letters as these, Demetrius could not help confessing the superior nature of an affection like this, so connected with rational desires: nor forbear wishing, that he could forget for ever, a passion which had so differently affected his disordered heart.

Never till now, had he felt to anguish, one of the consequences of that passion.

Resolute in condemning himself to rigid economy, and depriving himself even of benevolent indulgences, till his play debts should be liquidated, he had refused the generous assistance of Charles; who finding him pained by importunity, unwillingly relinquished it, on condition that they should afterwards share the income which the former had originally enjoyed.

Demetrius was now living entirely upon his pay, and often sighed in vain for the means of sharing in Princess Constantia's liberality.

They were one day loitering together in some woods remote from the Lodge, when a man and his wife, who appeared exhausted with sickness and poverty, begged for charity. The Princess immediately put money into their hands:—Demetrius had that very morning parted

with his last ducat to procure some comforts for a soldier's wife, who had just lain in of twins; and he was now forced to be a passive hearer of a very affecting story.

Constantia directed the poor travellers to the palace: after she turned back, he was silent for some time; at length he said, with great emotion—

"I would rather have you know me to be any-thing, than think me unfeeling; so now I honestly confess, that at this moment, I could give those miserable people, nothing but sighs."

The blush of ingenuous shame which mantled on his cheek, was pale to the glow of painful surprize, spreading over that of the young Princess: She hastily stopped; and her eager eyes asked an explanation.

Demetrius gave it her, impetuously.

Though there was a good deal to censure him for, in the circumstances of this narrative, there was much to applaud:—

and had Constantia known, how powerful a sentiment precipitated him into the fault, she would have censured him still less. The poverty thus candidly acknowledged, the independent principle, which his ardour prompted him to avow, and the grateful fondness with which he expatiated on his brother's goodness, were new stimulants to her esteem: secretly resolving to avoid with great address, every motive for expense, whenever he was with her, she took his hand as a sister might have done, and said sweetly—

"So: we are to resemble each other in every way. If it were not, for my dear grandmama's generosity, I should be much poorer than yourself. Relying on her partiality to provide for me, (she loving me with an affection double as our relationship; for she was not only the mother of my mother, but my great-aunt, having been the sister of my grand-father the famous Prince of Nuremberg;) my father, in memory of my grand-father's

greatness, was fond of extending the family territories, and therefore, left all his personal estates to his brother, the present Prince of Nuremberg.—Hence you see, that being totally dependent on the bounty of my grand-mother, I have no merit in being generous: *you* have." She then proceeded to comment on the confession of error which he had just made; and Demetrius while he listened, thought he had never before heard such conclusive arguments against gaming.

It would be useless to trace the progress of that well-grounded affection, which a constant intercourse of three months from this period, produced between Constantia and Demetrius.

It is easy to conceive how imperceptibly, yet how surely, a guilty passion in an otherwise pure heart, would fade before the charm of innocence; and how naturally Constantia would seek to imbibe favourable sentiments for the preserver of her life.

So equal was the growth of their attachment, that neither of them had yet wished for more regard than the other testified; and Demetrius, who remembered Love, even in its happiest hours, only as a season of storms, would have been astonished had any one given that name to the delightful emotion with which he now gazed after the steps of his gay Constantia, met her bright eyes, or touched her soft hand.

The sunshine of a virtuous affection, pervaded his whole soul: but as neither jealousy nor apprehension had as yet clouded its brightness, he suffered himself to enjoy the genial effect, without scrutinizing its cause.

Had accident prompted him to put the question to himself, he would have negatived it, upon these grounds. During the despotic reign of his first love, every other sentiment had withered in his bosom; even fraternal affection was then a weak feeling: the hope of distinction,

honourable distinction, ceased to actuate him; life, lost its best and most powerful motive, the desire of discharging its duties with fidelity; and an inglorious wish of devoting his existence to Madame de Fontainville, was substituted in its stead. Certain that he was loved to all the excess he panted for, he forsook every study necessary to make him more estimable; indulging a trance of fond idleness, for which Madame de Fontainville doted on him too much, to condemn:

Now, his thoughts were perpetually stirred with visions of future renown, and schemes of splendid utility; his heart expanded to new objects, and glowed with greater warmth for objects already dear; he pursued, not only elegant studies, but severer ones, with energetic perseverance: and felt as if some radiant prize were to be his reward. He knew not, that the heart of Constantia was the only prize his labours sought. Constantia also, encouraged in her breast, the partiality

which spread so serenely throughout his. It is true, she enjoyed nothing without he was present; and every morning wasted near an hour in loitering at a window fronting the horse-road, watching his appearance. But, for this impatience she had always an excellent reason: some ridiculous event to tell him, some new book to shew him, some flower to give, or some neglect to scold him for. At any rate, she always found a reason that satisfied herself.

She would repeatedly intreat the Duchess to tell her that she was like Demetrius; gaily urging his personal advantages, as the only motive: she would frequently compare the similarity of their propensities and talents (for both rhymed with facility, and sung charmingly,) and ever ended with protesting that Providence ought to have made them brother and sister.

Too long blind to this prepossession, the Duchess at length opened her eyes on it. At first she was painfully startled,

but a short consultation with her own eccentric spirit, more than reconciled her.

• Demetrius though a younger brother without patrimony, was of the noblest Hungarian family: his fine qualities graced his high descent; and the brilliant reputation of his brother reflected lustre upon him. Could this young man be enriched, all objections would vanish: to be sure, the rank of Constantia might entitle her to the hand of a reigning Prince; and were she solely to inherit the immense wealth of Felieri, might obtain it. But need she a principality to be happy? would she be more indebted to her anxious parent, for placing her beyond the reach of a man she loved, than for raising him to her level?

The Duchess answered these propositions, agreeable to her own wishes; and resolved to let their affection take its course.

They were both, too young to marry; and to give the connection respectability

it was requisite for Demetrius to come forwarder on the stage of life, than he had hitherto found opportunities of doing. So attached as he was to her, she had little doubt of hearing from his letters, (should the expected war proceed,) the state of his feelings: and whenever those should amount to excessive pain, she meant to calm them, by avowing her intentions.

Opposition from the Prince of Nuremberg, she foresaw and contemned: it might afflict Constantia for awhile, but it could not destroy her happiness. If the Duchess should die before the completion of her plan, and the Prince refuse to bestow his niece on the gallant youth to whom she owed her life; his power of denial would cease when Constantia attained the age of twenty. She might then dispose of herself as she chose.

Thus reconciled to her own contempt

of worldly-wisdom, the Duchess redoubled her kindness for Demetrius, styled him her child, and whenever they were rid of Pomp's heaviest trappings, its long train of attendants, loved to hear her favourites address each other, by their familiar names.

Colonel Wurtzburgh meanwhile, was no dull witness of all this planning. He had seen the repelling demeanour with which Prince Nuremberg, discharged his debt of gratitude; and had overheard him say, sternly, to the Duchess, (as they eyed Constantia flying though a dance with her preserver:) "That young man, seems too familiar here, Madam.—You know how I detest the levelling system."

Wurtzburgh treasured up this speech: it augured a violent and resolute opposition to any extravagant proposal of the old lady's in favour of this ill-starred young man: and being ignorant of the influence which her vast disposeable wealth

gave the Duchess over her ungracious nephew, he suffered Demetrius to drink in the honey of this new attachment; sure, of eventually acquiring an alchymy that would turn it into poison.

CHAP. VI.

Leaving Demetrius to enjoy almost perfect happiness in the society of Felieri, and to describe it in his letters to the friendly Forshiem, we will revert to Charles.

The distinguished post he held under the Arch-duke, and the great share he enjoyed of that Prince's confidence, gave a salutary occupation to his hours.

Consoled by the tranquillity of a brother, (still the first object of his care), employed in considering plans which might hereafter benefit his country, Leopolstat's philanthropic heart scarcely suf-

fered itself to throb with one selfish grief: yet there were times, when it mastered all his strength.

As often as he tried to rouse up the decaying interest (formerly so lively); which the correspondence of his incognita created, he sighed at the vain attempt; convinced that the endearing qualities of Adelaide had placed an eternal barrier between him, and domestic ties. He now looked forward to the explanation of that fantastic mystery, with pain; foreseeing in its conclusion, only new sources of suffering for himself and for others.

With Count Forshiem his friendship had ripened into such intimacy, that he was often tempted to end by a single question, the strange conjectures and wild fancies which forced themselves on his mind, whenever he thought of his protracted nuptials. It was possible, that Forshiem, unacquainted with more than the exterior of Adelaide, or prepossessed in favour of some other woman, might

not wish to ratify the engagement made for him in childhood: it was possible that she might have refused his hand, and be now free. If this were the case, why should he hesitate to take advantage of the partiality so ill concealed by Mam'selle de Ingersdorf?—Was not her father peculiarly encouraging to him?—Did not his own civil and military rank, entitle him to seek her hand?—Yes: but he was still, comparatively, a beggar.

When the pending law-suit should terminate favourably, Adelaide would be the mistress of a very large fortune: yet if that should end otherwise, she would be nearly portionless.

How rapidly did the blood run through the veins of Charles, as he fancied this improbable possibility. For a moment, he beheld Adelaide his own, content to share an humble fortune, and to find in domestic retirement, and the calm of an undecorated sufficiency, that happiness for which she seemed expressly formed.

The simplified dress, the pleasing cares of elegant economy, the sports of children, and the delights of a home unapproached by fashion's senseless tribe, all produced an instantaneous picture, upon which he gazed with tender transport: but it vanished!—at the voice of reason, it vanished for ever.

Forshiem, was of too noble a nature, thus to desert the woman who had long been isolated from every other prospect, by his avowed engagement; Marshal Ingersdorf still proclaimed his intention of bestowing Adelaide on his ward; and she herself, had written to her aunt, that her fate was fixed. Nothing, therefore, was left to Charles, but the conviction of having acted with uniform integrity. This, became a solid consolation, and enabled him to stem the torrent of passionate regret.

The well-principled abhorrence with which he had taught himself to consider selfishness, even under its most seducing

form, (complete abandonment to despair, at the loss of virtuous hopes); now proved his best auxiliary. He believed himself born to the performance of those active virtues, which the indulgence of extreme sorrow, renders us unfit to execute; and he sought to banish the pain of his own sufferings, by alleviating the distress of others.

To some persons, so manageable a grief as this, may appear no grief at all: and to them it may seem as if maturity, had blunted the edge of exquisite feeling in our hero's breast. Let such persons remember, that the apparent decrease of sensibility as men advance in life, is to be attributed to its real increase: what was once selfish solicitude, spreads into generous concern for their fellow-beings;—and even this is balanced by a new power of equal weight, *reason*.

In military duties and studies, joined to the enjoyments of benevolence and friendship, did the autumn and the winter pass

away with Count Leopolstat: a new scene then opened.

Reviving her frustrated scheme of universal aggrandizement, France dissolved the engagements of Campo Formio; and put her armies on the Rhine and in Italy, into a threatening posture.

The Austrian troops hastened to oppose this bold movement, by advancing to the Lech; where they lay in readiness to cross that river, whenever she should openly declare war, by passing the acknowledged boundary.

In the beginning of March, General Jourdan, threw down the expected gauntlet, and Prince Charles rushed forward to seize it.

Sheltering themselves under their threadbare mantle of falsehood, the French Directory proclaimed this hostile act, but an authorized precaution; and assured of the Emperor's willingness to plunge again into war, impudently seized upon every

important position, between the Rhine and the Danube.

Disappointed in his views of driving the Austrian General, Hotze, from the Tyrol, or of interposing his army between that of this General's and Prince Charles's, Jourdan was driven back towards the Black Forest; and having thrown off the useless mask of pacific precaution daringly invited the attack of the Imperialists.

The grand object of the Arch-duke, was to prevent the junction of Jourdan's and Massena's armies: the latter of which, now occupied Switzerland and the Grisons.—For this purpose, he made a sudden and irresistible effort against the enemy, driving them from the disputed post of Ostrach, to a position on the Lake of Constance.

In the brilliant action of this first general engagement, Leopolstat distinguished himself with his usual bravery.

The French Generals failed in their attempts to unite their forces; (for Massena had been beaten back from the Vorarlberg, through which he had tried to pierce, and Jourdan was held in check by the Arch-duke); determined to risk a battle.

Jourdan's position was highly favourable to success; the Arch-duke's was full of peril..

The French commenced the attack at the break of day, upon each of the Austrian wings at the same moment: their object being, to cause a diversion from the centre, which by weakening it irreparably, might afford them a mean of breaking through the line, and securing the lake of Constance. The suddenness and vigour of this attack; the advantages of Jourdan's position; and the disadvantageous ground unavoidably occupied by the Austrians, at first inclined the balance to the enemy: they penetrated with great

slaughter through the right wing, and confidently proceeded to dislodge some remaining troops, posted on the heights beyond.

The battle was then deemed lost: some of the bravest officers urged the Prince to retreat. Leopolstat alone, eagerly seconded the indignation with which his illustrious General repelled this ignoble counsel. He suggested a new movement, which the Arch-duke adopted. Dismounting from his horse, Charles offered to rally and lead forward the scattered infantry: the offer was hastily accepted: several other officers caught his gallant enthusiasm, and the charge was renewed with a vigour which ensured success to the able dispositions of the Prince.

Dreadful was the carnage, but complete the victory. The noble and the lowly strewed the earth in mingled heaps: Charles saw his brave companions fall rapidly around, and thought not of himself

but of his brother, who was then far away, and perhaps combating like them, only to die.

A severe flesh-wound was of too little consequence to the ardent Leopolstat to confine him for a single hour: After this glorious day at Stockach, he bore his full share in the minor engagements that followed; and had the satisfaction of seeing the enemy driven once more beyond the Rhine.

Jourdan's defeated army was consolidated with that of Massena's, in Switzerland, where it had sought a sanctuary from pursuit; and they were now menaced by the victorious troops of Austria.

In the memorable combat at Schaffhausen, Prince Charles had again been conqueror; and now, waiting for the destined moment of entering Switzerland, he reposed his valiant soldiers upon the banks of the Lake of Constance.

It is the province of politicians to account for the five weeks inaction

of this admirable young General, at so critical a period; but candour will readily admit the probability of its arising from causes over which he had no power: causes, that trammelled a great and a benevolent spirit, and have diffused pernicious effects through the whole mass of German operations.

Leaving Leopolstat crowned with fresh laurels, and enjoying the secret councils of his august commander: leaving him to sigh amidst all his fame, and to think how empty were honours, unshared by Adelaide; I return to Demetrius in the Trevisane.

CHAP. VII.

As that part of the Austrian force, to which the younger Leopolstat belonged, was considered as a body of reserve for the army of observation, lining the bank of the Adige, it was still in its former cantonments, when hostilities commenced in Italy: Demetrius therefore, was yet reposing among the sweets of hospitable friendship.

It was now the month of March; in that enchanting climate, Spring's magic touch had already transformed the icy trees, and snowy hills, into green bowers,

and fragrant beds. The song of the nightingale, the smell of violets and fruit-blossoms, greeted the wanderer in his walks: the blue arch of heaven, was cloudless; and the star of evening, rose upon nights of warm serenity.

The Duchess di Felieri eager to promote the innocent cheerfulness of her grand-daughter, proposed a moonlight water party, which the mild season rendered by no means imprudent. She had a tincture of the romantic, in her character, and it shewed itself in this selection of a pleasure.

Her plan was zealously embraced, not only by Wurtzburgh and Demetrius, but also by some Venetian ladies then visiting Constantia. The party was arranged at dinner; and the gentlemen leaving the rest of the company to take their siesta, repaired to their quarters to execute some trivial professional business, and collect a few more officers.

In searching among his papers for some flute-music, with which he meant to refresh his memory, Demetrius accidentally encountered a sonnet, which he had written in the very meridian of his passion for Madame de Fontainville: he seized it with trembling hands, and a pang of exquisite regret quivered through his heart, while he involuntarily read these lines.—

To Zaire.

In thought of thee run all my days to waste—
I seek no more, to win the wreath of fame,
But sunk in dreams of love, forget the taste
Of bookish study, or of glory's aim:
Each foregone purpose of my soul, defac'd,
I strive no longer Valour's meed to claim;
I shun the social train by Science grac'd,
Reckless of who may praise, or who may blame.
Past is the wish to be for aught renown'd:
Like a vain shadow has it fled away—
Gone is the vacant mind, which lately found
Delight, in converse with the wise or gay!
Thou, thou alone, my mind's companion art;
My books, thy letters; my soul's prize, thy heart!

Demetrius held the sonnet some time after he had read it, gazing on the lines without seeing them: without seeing anything in short, but a long train of former feelings which had been too fatally transporting, to be remembered without emotion.

From recollection of the past, his thoughts turned to the present; roving over distressing conjectures about the ill-fated Zaire. He knew she lived and was in England, surrounded by friends: but upon the state of her heart, Charles had hitherto preserved an impenetrable silence. His own, throbbed an agonizing assurance that she was more faithful than he.

Man is a mass of contradictions! for Demetrius now became profoundly sad, only because he was no longer miserable.

With a countenance as changed as his spirits, he rejoined Wurtzburgh: complaining of an excessive head-ach which

plea he was again forced to urge at the Lodge.

The Duchess would have put an end to the expected entertainment, had he not declared that air and gaiety were always specifics with him, and at the same time professed to have found benefit from a cooling essence, which the Princess herself had held on his forehead.

The boat was announced soon after.—The little party took some refreshments on board, and unanimously voting against attendants, commenced their aquatic tour. It was on a narrow, deep stream, which originating among some mountains, flowed across the Bellunese, and mingled its waters with the Livenza near Felieri.

The boat gliding rapidly along, bore them through dark romantic banks, rich with the foliage of the willow, and the light forms of the poplar and laburnum. The moonlight tracked their path through the rippling water; the balmy air was

filled with the breathings of flowers; and a solitary nightingale warbled its melancholy lay among the peach-blossoms of a neighbouring garden.

Constantia was seated beside Demetrius. She caught some of his pensiveness; and while the rest of the groupe were laughing and talking, they only, sat buried in contemplation.

The Princess sighed—

"Does this beautiful scene, make you melancholy?" asked Demetrius, withdrawing his eyes from the moon upon which they were before fixed.—"Yes it does:" she replied, sighing again; "and I know not why. Perhaps the secret influence of the idea that all these things are passing away; that this glorious world, yon beautiful planet, must all, one day, perish.—How mournful is the thought of decay!"

"Mournful indeed!" returned Demetrius. "This idea embitters every pleasure which does not flow from the admi-

ration of a virtue, or the indulgence of an affection: but these, are things which decay not—these are things over which, time and death will have no power!"

Constantia turned rapidly round at the ardent tone of his voice; and their eyes, equally flashing with enthusiasm, met and retreated.

She then sank into silence; which was only interrupted by the low, frequent sighs of her companion. His enthusiasm was over: for he remembered that affection could decay, as well as material objects.

The Duchess was sitting at a distance, wrapt up in a mantle of fur and velvet, which defended her even from the refreshing breeze: she was in such high spirits, and so pleased with the witty sallies of her Venetian friends and their military cicesbeo's, that she suffered the romantic pair, to poetize, as she conjectured, on the nightingale.

At the first agreeable spot adapted for their purpose, they landed. It was a little green recess formed into an amphitheatre by tall trees: there the young men spread their pelisses for carpets, produced fruit, cakes and wine; and this simple supper, seasoned with mirth and graced by beauty, seemed more delightful to the fair Venetians, than all the pageantries of their native carnival.

One of these ladies, separated Demetrius from Constantia, and by the vivacity of her conversation, enlivened his. Strong colouring and sprightly expression, were the charms of the Signora Marinelli.— The blushes of innocence and the illumination of sensibility, were the graces of Constantia. Though trifling with the Signora, Demetrius constantly found his eyes and thoughts wandering to the Princess.

Songs followed supper. The Italian ladies sang together, some enchanting

harmonies, which their finished taste and skill rendered perfect. Constantia timidly yielded to the intreaty of her grandmother and sang alone.

The sweet stillness of the night, and the tender expression of every surrounding object, was in unison with her voice: its tones, ever low and melodious, flexible as her graceful form, and various as her character, were now doubly melodious from that complacent melancholy with which she was penetrated. She sang with less skill than the Venetians, but her singing had a genius in it, that knew how to touch every chord of the human soul.

When she concluded, Demetrius alone spoke not: he could not join in the loud applause of the livelier party; but his eyes half-veiled by their long lashes, were more than ever rivetted on her.

He was roused by a request from a brother-officer, that he would atone for the absence of his flute.

His rich mellow voice then gave exqui-

site expression to the recitative, with which he prefaced an Italian melody.—It was like the far-off sound of a hautboy winding through rocks, or over water.

The effect was magical; and commendations, such as had often been lavished on him by his brother, proceeded from every tongue: Wurtzburgh hastily proposed returning; and the party unwillingly re-entered the boat.

The trees now rustled thickly above them, as they sailed along: the moon became thinly shaded by clouds, and a brisker current hurried them towards the Lodge. When its dome appeared in sight, Demetrius bent to the ear of Constantia: "Do you not think me insensible, cold-hearted, and tasteless?" said he.

"Insensible!" she repeated, "to what?"

"To that voice, which I should injure if I were to attempt its praise."

"O! you are vastly gallant!" she exclaimed, with one of her sweetest smiles:

before she could proceed, a general scream from the other end of the boat, called their attention to one of the party that had fallen overboard.

The instant Demetrius saw it was Wurtzburgh, who could not swim, he hastily threw off his pelisse, and jumped into the river. The next moment they were both safe on the opposite bank.

There had not been time for a single fainting fit, or doubtless some one of the ladies, would have paid that compliment to the young Hussar. When the boat gained the place were they were, every voice was eager in congratulations.— "You were certainly born under a saving star, my friend!" whispered Constantia.

"If I am," returned Demetrius, gaily, "I hope it will never prove its influence by making me *take to my heels*, when the enemy *take to their arms*."

The Duchess after putting a civil enquiry to the dripping Colonel, turned to Demetrius—

"You have frightened me dreadfully, my dear Leopolstat. For heaven's sake don't stand shivering there; walk home; run home, both of you!—to the Lodge I mean—you will catch your death."

"Allons then, for a race!" cried Demetrius, and followed by the heavier Wurtzburgh, was the next moment seen entering the Lodge gates.

Wurtzburgh was so stunned by the terror of drowning, and the sense of what he owed Demetrius, that he could not endure his own feelings. He was a man, whom benefits only exasperated. In answer to the friendly ardour of his young companion, he wrung his hand, and muttered a few words, which the others fancy translated into gratitude.

A change in their dress, was speedily effected: the Colonel was first equipped in a superb suit of the Prince of Nuremberg's, and Demetrius less solicitous about his looks than his comfort, assumed the robes of a venetian senator, that had ac-

cidentally been left in the Felieri wardrobe, by a relation. There were plenty of other habits to chuse from; but Demetrius had a superstitious reverence for the dead, and revolted both from needlessly wearing the cloaths of a departed person, and from exciting, by such indiscretion, painful recollections in the mind of the Duchess.

Much mirth was the consequence of this whimsical selection. Wurtzburgh was rallied as unmercifully upon his foppery, as he had been upon his awkwardness; and spite of uncouth garments, perhaps the youth and beauty of Demetrius, were never more praised and admired, than on this eventful evening.

Though he thought nothing of an action to which he never affixed the idea of danger, being an admirable swimmer, the consciousness of having saved a life, even without personal risk, gave a quicker flow to his spirits; and so charming did

this exhileration make him appear in the eyes of the partial Constantia and her grandmother, that they parted from him (after he had resumed his own attire:) with evident unwillingness.

As they separated in the hall, Demetrius lingered behind his party, to kiss the hand of the Princess. He accompanied this action with a speech so sportive, that Constantia lightly pushing away his head from her hand, said archly.

"Water intoxicates you, I find my friend! while the poor Colonel seems to have bathed in liquified lead: his rueful face all the night has quite amused me. Didn't he roll about his baleful eyes, as if my uncle's fine dress were the preparatory robe for an Auto de Fe?"

"Why to be sure, he *did* look

> Grim as Don Quixote in the shades,
> And grisly as the Knave of Spades:"

replied Demetrius; "but misfortune ought to be sacred. So with that wise saw, and

my impromptu couplet, I leave you, sweet Princess; good night! may your dreams be as delightful as yourself."

"May your's too"—Constantia softly repeated,, as she followed his flying figure with her eyes. She saw him join the other officers; and while their glittering uniforms sparkled in the moonlight, and the sound of Leopolstat's lively voice, reached her ear, she exclaimed,

"My dear Demetrius!"

No sooner had the words escaped, than blushing, she looked hastily round, to see if any one witnessed this proof of regard: no one was there; and she rejoined the ladies with a light heart.

Demetrius was in a sound sleep the next morning, when Colonel Wurtzburgh drew back the curtains of his bed, and abruptly waking him, said, "Rise Leopolstat! the order of march is come, and we shall be off in an hour."

These words, and the buz of troops without, the trampling of their horses

feet, the noise of men running to and fro, with all the other accompaniments of military removals, was such a sudden transition from the peaceful dreams of Demetrius, that at first he could scarçely comprehend what they meant.

A few moments dispersed the vapours of sleep: he leaped out of bed, hastily threw on his cloaths, (which his eager feelings, half-joy and half-pain, made him fasten with difficulty,) called to his servant, gave him a few indispensible orders, and then ran off, to the Lodge.

By the time he reached Felieri, the tumultuous images of battles and sieges, the dazzling ones of martial renown, had given place to the probability of never more beholding the kind friends he was about to leave: before duty would again permit him to visit the Trevisane, the Duchess might be dead, Constantia, married or he might not live to see that time: he might "fall in his first field."

Saddened by such unavoidable antici-

pations; he entered the gallery leading to a breakfast-parlour, where he found Constantia duly posted at her accustomed window. As if it were possible for him to know why she was standing there, the artless Princess blushed, and stammered out an excuse: Demetrius was far from suspecting himself to be the object she watched; and readily believed the attraction to lie in a beautiful groupe of trees, which the morning mist gradually clearing away, now partially developed.

They entered the room together: the Duchess and her visitors were still in their own chambers; and Constantia seemed so peculiarly animated, that poor Leopolstat knew not how to announce his departure. She had a multitude of ludicrous questions to ask about the plunging Colonel, as many new recreations to propose, and rallied him upon the conquest she declared his gallantry had made of the Signora Marinelli, with such sportive grace, that he threw himself silently on a seat,

unable to share in, or to check her vivacity.

At length she perceived his depression: approaching him, she innocently lifted aside his hair, and looking earnestly in his eyes, said, "What is the matter, my dear Demetrius?"

The affectionate epithet which she now for the first time gave to him, joined to her former gaiety (for gaiety has something emboldening in it;) produced a sudden impulse in Demetrius: he threw his arms hastily round her slender waist, and pressed her to him. "My dear Constantia,"—he repeated, and his full heart gave unutterable expression to the words.

Constantia as quickly withdrew her fingers from the rings of his fine hair, and gently chiding him, disengaged herself. There was nothing in her manner that reminded Leopolstat of the Princess, but it was full of modest reproof.

"Forgive me," he cried, "amiable Constantia! I know you will, when I shall

have told you that our regiment is to join the main army immediately. We march, in half an hour."

The Princess turning frightfully pale, hastened back to him. "Oh! heaven," she exclaimed, "and we are to lose you! —you are going into battle!"

Her fair face sunk on his shoulder as she spoke, and wetted it with tears. At this instant, the Duchess carried by her servant, entered the apartment.

A brief explanation was given by Demetrius: the Duchess wept, and repeatedly embraced her young preserver, as he knelt before her.

"When I suffer in this way," said she, "I am tempted to rejoice at having few beloved connections left: many friends, re but a quiver full of poisoned arrows, destined to give us more pain than pleasure. Now, shall we pay dearly, for all he happy hours we have passed together! —never-ceasing anxiety, prayers, and

tears, must occupy us, till we see you again."

Demetrius pressed his lips on her hand, with a devotion of gratitude that made silence eloquent. Constantia tried to smile, to comfort her grandmother; but at every effort, tears gathered afresh in her eyes, and the unfinished sentence of consolation, faltered on her tongue.

The Duchess opened a casket near her. "Here is a present for you, my dear boy! when these pictures were painted, at the time I made you sit for your's, I intended them for this moment. Look at them often, and think of us."

This present, was a circle of diamonds, framing in the opposite miniatures of the Duchess and her grandchild. Demetrius seized it with transport, and eagerly kissed them.

"Oh! how often I shall look at your picture;" cried the Princess, directing a glance to where it hung; "look now

and then on mine: and don't forget me!"

Demetrius without speaking, turned his glowing eyes upon her, as she pronounced the last words.

The sound of voices in the gallery, announced some one's approach: the Duchess folded Demetrius to her breast.—Immediately after, Constantia threw herself into his trembling arms, with all the unsuspiciousness of pure affection. The old lady then hastily said, "Continue to love each other, my equally-dear children, and at my death, you shall find I have provided for your happiness."

Neither of them had time to conjecture the meaning of this speech; for the Venetian ladies and Colonel Wurtzburgh entered.

While the sound of bugle-horns and the neighing of horses, proclaimed the march of the regiment, expressions of more than common regret, proceeded from the lips of the fair Venetians: Demetrius had a bow and a languid smile for every one of

their cordial benedictions, but his heart was too full of sorrow to let them rest a moment on his mind.

Scarcely conscious of what he was about, he hurried through the apartments, and mounted his horse in the midst of a crowd of the domestics, whose unbought partiality, shewed itself in fervent blessings. As he shook hands with them all, his gracious but tearful smiles, destroyed the effect of Wurtzburgh's showering gold.

Every officer now joined the line of march; and Demetrius was for the first hour, wildly gay: his thoughts absolutely ran away from their own scrutiny; and sought refuge from it, in this wretched vivacity.

The new situation of Wurtzburgh's regiment, which was brigaded with others, and encamped in the neighbourhood of Verona, opened a scene of pleasing novelty to Demetrius.

The activity of a camp, and the interest of actual service, contributed to restore

his mind to its former tone: he was still so near his illustrious friends as to hear from them frequently, he was certain of their stability; and he began to pant for an opportunity of increasing his claims on their esteem.

This opportunity was on the eve of occurring.

The French troops lining the bank of the Mincio, feeling themselves securely flanked by the important fortresses of Mantua and Peschiera, were eager for battle: the Austrians upon the Adige, necessarily forced to defend it by a longer line, imperfectly sustained by mere intrenchments, were aware of their disadvantageous position; yet not despondent.

To obtain the pillage of Verona, was the object of the Republicans: to defend that city, the hope of the Imperialists.

A vigorous attempt was soon made on this point, by the enemy; and they succeeded in forcing every post before

Verona and Pastrengo. Demetrius was in the column at Bevilaqua, that rapidly advancing, turned the tide of success.

He fought with ardour; and distinguished himself as much, by the rapidity with which he comprehended and executed every new order, as by his undaunted intrepidity.

Wurtzburgh, in giving him a post of danger, had given him the post of honour: for at the termination of the action, General Kray publicly complimented his young countryman, upon his conduct.

From this period, his talents and courage, (though somewhat sullied by rashness); procured him the attention of his General: and after the renowned battle of the fifth of April, (in which, our young Hussar had two horses killed under him), Wurtzburgh saw another Charles in the person of Demetrius.

While he was coldly thanked, in the usual routine of business, or angrily passed

by; his lieutenant was warmly applauded, and promoted with peculiar marks of favour.

Elated as Demetrius really was, with the universal approbation of his companions, nothing touched his heart so much, as a letter from his brother at Schaffhausen.

It contained a relation of his own military career in Suabia and the confines of Switzerland, and breathed the most affectionate solicitude for his safety: charging him to remember that he was now, the only source of his brother's happiness.

Demetrius caught new fire from the brilliant track of Charles; and with difficulty reined in an ardour which precipitated him but too often into needless danger.

After his first engagement, he thought no more of gloomy forebodings. He now wrote to the Duchess di Feliori, in high spirits; eloquently described the different scenes in which he had acted; predicted fresh successes, (springing from the in-

fluence of her affectionate patronage), and dwelt with rapture on the hour of peace or of truce, which would enable him to bring his early laurels into the sunshine of Princess Constantia's smiles.

To that secretly-cherished object, were all his views directed. Yet he would not allow himself to think so: though he kissed her picture at every solitary instant dwelt with tumultuous but sweet confusion of thought, on the last words of his protectress; and often while thinking, that the countenance which this picture represented, was lovelier than the Goddess of Spring, repeated to himself—"but it is her heart that I love; it is her heart."

An attachment like this, so pure and so delightful; an attachment that gave fresh energy to every virtue, had nothing in it to terrify Demetrius.

When so eminently favoured by her nearest relative, he was too young and inexperienced to calculate upon possible causes of misery: and he believed that to

be permitted to love her, and think himself beloved, would make him fully blest.

The bright dawn of a spotless affection, rose upon his soul, after a stormy and burning day of passion, a gloomy night of despair and remorse: how then, was it to be expected that he should avoid its cheering influence?

After the battle of Magnon, the Austrian Generals, pursued the French forces, successively beyond the Tartaro, and the Cheisa: the Russian army, now joined that of the Germanic empire, and the whole command devolved upon the iron-hearted, but ever-victorious Suwarrow.

Demetrius, still in the army of General Kray, went with the detachment which under this able commander, invested the fortresses of Peschiera and Mantua. He was present at the reduction of both places; and with him, rejoined the main army time enough to share in the decision of the bloody field of Novi.

It is well known, that to the rapid march

of the Hungarian General upon that illustrious day, is to be attributed its happy event. In the daring charge, up the steep, wooded heights of Novi, Demetrius nobly distinguished himself. The cavalry being dismounted, he rushed forwards on foot, at the head of his squadron, under a plunging fire that showered balls upon them, like hail. Just as the fate of the day was fixed, a shot struck him, and he fell.

Count Forshiem, whose regiment also was engaged, had his friend immediately conveyed into the rear, where he soon after followed; and found to his inexpressible satisfaction that the wound was not mortal.

Universal concern surrounded the sick chamber of Demetrius: but he did not regret his wound, when he blushingly listened to the commendations of his General, though they were mixed with some reproof of his rashness.

" 'Tis a noble fault, however, young

man," said the veteran shaking hands with him, and rising to depart. "But as I won't have it repeated; you must henceforth come under my immediate eye. The death of poor Mecronfeldt, gives me an opportunity of appointing you to be one of my Aid-de-Camps: Good morning! I shall now visit your surgeon, and see if he can find out a medicine for cooling a valour that has rather too much inflammation in it, for its owner's safety: not that I should be sorry if your disease were somewhat catching."

General Kray left the room while speaking, and Count Forshiem entered.

"I have brought you, one charming restorative at least," said he, "here are letters for you: this is from your brother."

The blood rushed into the before-pale face of our young hussar: he raised himself eagerly, and snatched the letters; for he saw the hands of Constantia and the Duchess.

Unconsciously afraid of Forshiom's raillery, he laid those letters down, and opened that from Charles. As it contained an account of all that had occurred to him, from the period in which this narrative left him at Schaffhausen, it will be best to transcribe the letter.

CHAP. VIII.

Valley of the Reusse, Aug. 1799.

"My dear Brother!

"I have been now, above four months in Switzerland, and have written to you only once: had you not been engaged in active service, I would not have been so bad a correspondent. Sometimes, we were expecting great events; at other times, so occupied in following up the advantages they produced, that to sit calmly down, and take a pen, was impossible.

"I have, however, kept a sort of flying journal for you, which (when the cam-

paign ends, and leaves me leisure to translate from short-hand, into more intelligible characters;) may furnish you and me, with subjects to discuss, for many a peaceful evening.

"How often have I wished, that fortune had destined us to make the campaign of Switzerland together! a campaign, so rich in stores of military knowledge! a campaign, upon which Europe rivets her eyes, and which posterity will retrace with emotions of awe! a campaign where each action is but a bold experiment; and commanders no longer the passive instruments of acknowledged rules, find in every victory, an honour peculiarly their own!

"To military men, Switzerland has hitherto been an unknown world; and now, every step they take in it, is a discovery.

"The war of plains and of rivers, and of fortified towns, (which till now, bounded my information;) is I find, but the initiatory principle of our art: it is in the

war of mountains, that we learn its sublime mysteries.

"There, what before was the result of calculation, is the production of genius; what experience could once ascertain, grows unfixed and speculative; a wide range is left for every power, and the soul seems to find new powers for new objects. Combinations of attack, defence, and retreat, are varied as infinitely, as the forms of ground upon which they are tried: every thing becomes novelty, and enterprise.

"Certainly, man delights in strong emotion, and loves to contend with difficulties. Action, losing its dubiousness, to him loses its vivacity; and when the success of an operation may be pronounced on, by certain established data, his plans are finished ere they are begun. Obstacles therefore, only act as stimulants: and the tameness of regular marches, leisure approaches, long foreseen battles. (which attends ordinary campaigns:)

vanishes before the watchful apprehension and active *prévoyance* exacted by this species of warfare.

"It is then, that war loses half its horror, by losing all its gloom: and in proportion as the game grows interesting, we almost forget the tremendous stake for which we throw—the lives of human beings!

"Let us not, however, quite forget it, my brother! though Providence hath graciously given us the faculty of extracting pleasure even from horrors; and by a multitude of opposite feelings, hath counterbalanced our instinctive abhorrence at the sight of destruction, let us not suffer this abhorrence to sink.

"The man that studies the military art, for any other purpose than that of saving lives, is unworthy the name of man. We must never get enamoured of what we ought to detest: for war should be our aversion; though the study of it is our duty, and the glory attached to it our reward.

"Ours, is a profession destined to protect in peace and industry, our fellow-citizens:—a profession which, substituting skill and experience in the place of mere courage, spares the needless effusion of blood. For, were there no established armies, were the inhabitants of a country to arm upon the irruption of an enemy, (setting aside the folly of not remembering that a spirited offensive, is often the only method of defence); every loss or gain, would then be the event of sheer fighting; and those that made the most slaughter would be the victors.

"Now, under the present system of organized troops, a single manœuvre, ably conceived and promptly executed, frequently produces the bloodless conquest of whole battalions.

"When the subject is thus contemplated, I am astonished at the odium which our profession incurs from many enlightened classes of society. If they believe, pre-

posterously believe, that there would be no wars, if there were no disciplined soldiers, of course they are justified in denouncing us: but I think they might as well go to prove that there would be no diseases, if there were no physicians. The roots of war are in the rank passions of the human heart; and as we can never eradicate them, this baleful tree must remain: while all that is left us, is the attempt, at confining its poisonous droppings, within as small a circle as possible.

"If that man is deemed a benefactor of his species, who studies surgery, habituating his eyes to sights of horror, his hand to painful operations, for the sake of preventing greater suffering; I know not how the candid can inveigh against the members of a profession, in which, a comparatively small body of men, from similar motives, take the whole portion of humanity's worst affliction, upon themselves.

"Are we to seek for the reason of this inconsistency, in the envy of our fellow-creatures?—Do they begrudge us the praise of patriotism?—or is it to be found in the prevalent opinion, that whenever an action can only spring from the best or the worst motives, it is invariably to be attributed to the latter.

"Leaving you Demetrius, to settle this point or not, just as you please, I will return to my subject.

"Without an eye for embracing at one glance, a vast coup d'œil, and retaining a distinct map of it, in his memory, a soldier here, might as well have no eyes at all: I have found my habit of exercising this sense, so essentially serviceable, that I earnestly recommend you to pursue the same plan, wherever you go, and however insipid the country may appear.—Believe me, if a soldier has not every sense alert, as well as every mental faculty, he will never shine in practice, whatever he may do in theory.

"Nothing could have been more fortunate, than my having been in Switzerland eight years ago. How little did I then think, that this majestic temple of liberty, which I entered with so much devotion; and which, for near three centuries, had stood like a holy thing, unapproached by the fiend of war; that this sanctuary of peace and virtue, should be profaned by the impious apostates of France! Even now, I feel guilty of sacrilege, as I tread its sacred precincts; and can hardly be reconciled to myself, for unsheathing the defensive sword, among such consecrated scenes.

"Switzerland was the modern Arcadia. It was an exquisite fragment, preserved to shew us, what this world *had been*.

"There, the philanthropist went from the frightful images of crime and animosity, presented by every other land, to console himself with the spectacle of a moral phenomenon; a people brave, yet peaceful; poor, yet content; ignorant, yet

susceptible of every tender and social feeling.

"Good God! and was such a people to be annihilated?—Were they to be torn from their tranquil enjoyments, and sacrificed to the demon Cruelty, by his fierce ministers Fire, Famine, and the Sword?—Was their hitherto-adamantine zone, (that gigantic chain of Alps which had so long bound in their happiness); to be burst asunder by the storm of war, and turned into one vast engine for their destruction!—Where the Glaciers rose in sacred stillness, protecting vallies that resounded the cheerful songs of industry, was the steely glare of armed multitudes to blind their startled sight; and the din of sanguinary rage, to awaken those echoes, that had slept in an unbroken trance from the creation of the world?

"Forgive me this rhapsody, Demetrius.—

"Public report will have given you so brilliant an account of our progress here, that it is not necessary for me to do

more than intreat that you will not fall into the vulgar error of censuring Prince Charles for having halted, as it were, on the threshold of Switzerland, after his early successes at Stochach and Schaffhausen.

"You know not how he is fettered and circumscribed by councils and court intrigues; how his judicious projects are traversed by an ungrateful faction, that would thus drive their good angel from them. To penetrate further into a country already exhausted of the means for supporting troops, before provisions were brought from other places, and magazines formed, would have been madness: these were delayed from day to day; and the most scandalous neglect was suffered to prevail amongst a set of men, over whom the Prince had no authority. It was necessary also, that the plans chalked out for Generals Bellegarde and Hotze, should have succeeded, before any progress could be safely attempted here. No sooner had

they put us in possession of the Grisons and the sources of the Rhine, than the Arch-duke struck the meditated blow.

"Our conquest of the entrenched camp that defended Zurich; and the defeat of Massena, will for ever silence the clamours of ignorant impatience. Prince Charles, in that attack, displayed all the qualities of a consummate General. Never shall I forget his energy, his intrepidity, his undisturbed presence of mind!

"Immediately after this important event, I was generously rewarded for my poor services, with the command of a regiment, and sent to join the troops in Uri. There, my topographical knowledge was thought more needful, than in the less intricate canton of Zurich.

"The engagements that have taken place since, though uniformly successful, might have been so, at such an inferior rate, that I cannot help noticing the evils of our present system, and lamenting

our obstinate adherence to what, may be called a splendid error.

"In a region of rocks and torrents, ice and clouds, none but the Arch-duke could extract success from an army organized like ours: certainly Marshal Lascy did Austria an irreparable injury, when he sacrificed her light troops, to his passion for uniformity. We now experience the ill effects of such a change.

"The French seem to have foreseen how often they would have to contend in mountainous countries, and have perfected this part of their force; have multiplied their sharp-shooters and chasseurs, without number; whilst we remain just what we were fifty years ago.

"In spite of our victories here, and in Italy, I cannot forbear thinking, that the imposing grandeur of our army, is an unsolid magnificence: at least it is a magnificence which cumbers its usefulness. The heavy strength of our long lines of

troops, our extended chains of posts, our enormous pieces of ordnance, our saturnine coolness, and never-to-be-displaced attention to rule, will at last be found an insufficient opposition to the deep columns of the French, (which pierce our line like so many battering-rams:) their sudden attack upon twenty different points at the same instant, their flying artillery, and that enviable facility with which their unrestricted Generals pass from one mode of warfare to another.

"Our habits ought to be changed, to frustrate this novel practice of our enemy.

"Let us give our commanders more power, and more responsibility at the same time, and I think affairs would be better conducted.

"Pondering upon this subject makes me wonder that no able person has yet thought of writing, (what would be a very useful work for us young soldiers); a History of War as a Science: commencing

at the time of Epaminondas, when it first ceased to be blind slaughter, and advanced towards an art; pursuing it through all its changes, in every age, down to our own period; in which a new system has suddenly risen above the military sphere, like a lawless comet, dimming every star, with its amazing and portentous brightness.

"You will perhaps marvel at my filling a letter with professional remarks, instead of describing the scenery by which I am surrounded.

"Believe me I am so far from insensible to it, that it presses upon my heart as well as my eyes: but every new-discovered charm, only makes me witness with greater horror, the seas of blood which even now deluge its majestic beauties.

"The frightful discordance of armies and battles, with pastures so lovely, mountains so sublime, forces me to divert my thoughts from what they dwelt on

eight years ago, with holy transport. It is not however, always in my power to do this: I was a fortnight ago charmed into complete forgetfulness of destruction.

" It was as my regiment was going to occupy a new position in Glarus.

" Our march, led over some of the dreariest mountains in that canton, where forests of gloomy pine impervious to day, and naked rocks uncloathed even by mosses, were rendered doubly drear, by the stillness of midnight.

" Not a sound, save that of our own measured steps, was heard in this fearful solitude.

" The troops traversed it in silence, and with haste: We then climbed over still wilder heights, and winding down a precipitous defilé, (whose enormous trees met over our heads) suddenly entered a valley, where the most glorious spectacle I ever beheld, presented itself.

" The moon was shining brightly upon a range of stupendous but verdant moun-

tains; above which, towered the Glaciers of Schwitz, and Glarus, like ramparts of glittering steel. Three mighty water-falls fell without a single interruption, from the tops the highest steeps, prone at once to their feet; where sweeping over huge trees and masses of rock, they poured their united torrents through the valley, with a din like thunder.

" The splendid light of the moon upon the cataracts and the Glaciers; (for never did she seem so bright to me before); the emerald greenness of the woods, and the vivid colours of the Alpine plants blooming among their roots; the intense blue of the sky; and the sublime, unmixed ' sound of rushing waters,' (the troops having halted); rendered this scene one of the noblest that imagination can conceive.

" So magnificent a sight, seemed to have been created for none but Gods to look on: I stood awe-struck; and almost feared to proceed.

"Even at this moment, Demetrius, I am surrounded by a region of enchantment.

"While all beneath lies dark and shadowy; (the forests, the lakes, and the vallies): empurpled clouds, floating above the wood-tops, serve for the base of aerial structures, that rise in gorgeous beauty towards heaven.

"Palaces and castles, islands and seas of transparent ice, endless in their fantastic forms, and glowing colours, seem creating themselves before me. The sun setting opposite to the Glaciers, produces this magic pageant: the tints of the rose and the violet, succeed each other on their inaccessible summits. These hues, shift from pinnacle to pinnacle, alternately transforming them into vast blocks of sapphire, amethyst, and ruby.

"It is here, that imagination finds materials for her world. Sometimes she fancies the triple row of snow-covered Alps, (between which, spread broad green lakes:)

the encampment of the giants when they threatened heaven: sometimes she sees in the Glaciers, ranks of embattled angels, whose beamy helmets shine among the stars: and sometimes at the break of day, when grey mists slowly roll from their dripping sides, partially unveiling an indistinct outline, she takes them for spirits of the waters, vapoury genii; of cataracts and lakes, standing in silent grief, over their desolated land.

"Beholding all this grandeur and misery, even such a sober fellow as I, cannot help exclaiming—O Switzerland, beautiful Switzerland! and hast thou at last been violated by the brutal demon Ambition!

"Your exclamation, doubtless, would be in poetry: mine alas! must for ever remain prose.

"Every express we receive from the army of Italy, brings me fresh reason to exult in my brother: Sweeter to me is this early incense, than all the gales of Arabia. I know you victorious over

deadlier enemies than any to be encountered in the field of war; and I listen, consequently, with the fullest satisfaction, to the fame which you have more than earned.

"Since my last letter—nay, only ten days ago, I was surprised with a present from my incognita: a charger, of uncommon beauty. It was delivered to my servant at head quarters, with a letter, by a Swiss peasant, who went off without waiting to be interrogated.

"I could easily have had this fellow brought back: nay, the horse itself, and my ring, might by proper enquiries, ascertain the generous giver; were it not, that delicacy makes it a point of conscience not to penetrate a mystery which can never have a serious influence over my destiny. I wait the amiable lady's time: though I confess, the assurance she gives me in this last epistle of soon removing her obscuring veil, excites some little emotion.

"Whoever she be, her goodness and munificence, entitle her to my warmest gratitude! She has it. More, I fear she will never have.

"This acceptable present having rendered my former charger useless, I sold him two days since to the General. His good looks and good conduct, made him sell for twice what I paid for him; and as you had the principal trouble of his education, I send you half the sum.

"Let me have no unkind refusal, or sending back of this enclosure. Hasty marches always produce unavoidable expenses, which you will painfully feel, unless you borrow of your brother.—At any rate, I presume Italy is not barren of objects for charity, and if you refuse to employ this trifle in getting yourself a bottle of tolerable wine after hours of exhaustion, you cannot with decency decline using it for others.

"I have just heard from our friends in England: they are well.

"Adieu, my dear Demetrius; my thoughts are always with you.—Ah no! not always; I have not yet quite subdued the folly of unavailing thoughts about another.

"When you write to your illustrious Patroness, present my offering of respect to Princess Constantia. What a happy evening was that, on which I first saw her!—but it is not in character for a soldier, surrounded by death, to sigh over the remembrance of delicate assemblies.

Farewel.

Your affectionate

CHARLES."

Folding down the last paragraph, Demetrius put this letter into Forshiem's hand, bidding him read it: the Count's prompt obedience then gave him an opportunity of perusing those from Felieri.

They were such, as the tenderest mother, and fondest sister would have writ-

ten: they were full of praises; and intreaties that he would expose himself less to danger. In one part Constantia wrote—

" I could hate myself for being gratified with the eulogiums bestowed on you, when I remember, that to deserve these eulogiums, you are perpetually risking a life, precious to every one.

" Ah! you know not how dear you are, to my beloved grandmamma! she talks of you incessantly; and had not the courier from my brother, who brought us the news of the victory, brought a letter from you also, I believe she would not have survived the shock we sustained in hearing of your wound. Certainly she likes you more than she does me: and yet, I am not in the least jealous; for I would rather have you loved by the whole world, than be loved myself. And that is very natural, you know, because it is to you I owe both my own life, and that of my grandmamma."

In these few last lines, the artless Princess unknowingly displayed the force and nature of her affection. Her sentiment found an answering one in the heart of Demetrius, where a secret suspicion of the truth was now softly kindling.

Sighing from excess of delight, he fell into a reverie; and his eyes swimming in tenderness, remained fixed on the letter.

Count Forshiem made it a point of conscience never to extract the secrets of his nearest friends, either by intreaty or raillery: nay, he now carried this delicacy so far, as to avoid looking at the expression of young Leopolstat's features. Apparently absorbed in Charles's letter, he appeared unconscious of his companion's emotion, and as soon as he had read it through, hastily uttered a friendly comment, and retired.

A few days after this, the young Aid-de-camp was well enough to enter upon his new and honourable post: his brother-officers greeted his recovery with

demonstrations of cordial good-will; and the Prince of Nuremberg, whose regiment had signalized itself at Novi, did him the favour of paying him a cold compliment.

After the reduction of Tortona, and subsequent departure of the Russian army for Switzerland; nothing particular occurred to Demetrius until the end of autumn. His squadron was then engaged in the valley of the Bormida; where he providentially rescued a French officer from being butchered in cold blood, by a Croat.

The officer gashed, and weltering, faintly trying to avert a weapon already at his breast, presented the most frightful spectacle. Demetrius commanded the soldier to desist, and had the fainting prisoner borne to his own quarters.

There this unhappy person was found so dreadfully wounded, as to be incapable of speech. Part of his jaw, had been carried off by a musquet ball, and his body was mangled with sabres.

Painfully susceptible of compassion, Demetrius forgot the lawless Republican, in the dying man, and attended him as assiduously as he would have done a friend. During this attendance he received another letter from Felieri; after which he was surprised by a visit from the Prince of Nuremberg.

"I come Sir," said the Prince haughtily seating himself, while the other was standing, "I come to satisfy myself on a point which it is of the utmost consequence to my honour to ascertain.

"In the packets of letters which I find my courier to and from Felieri, has also brought for you, pray do you ever receive any from the Princess Constantia of Nuremberg."

Demetrius had some difficulty in moderating his voice, as he replied to the tone of defiance with which this question was put: "Never but once, Sir, had I that honour."

"Shew me the letter!"

At this hasty command, Demetrius surveyed the Prince from head to foot, and then turned calmly away. Surprised into the keenest contempt, he forgot his relationship to Constantia.

"Shew me the letter Sir," repeated the Prince.

Demetrius had then recovered himself.

"I would not willingly deny the Prince of Nuremberg any favour in my poor power to grant; but a letter is in my opinion too sacred a deposit to be thus shewn at the mere voice of authority. To the amiable writer of the one in question, I refer your Highness; confident that she will not hesitate to avow the merely-benevolent interest which she takes in the life of a man, who once had the happy fortune of preserving her's."

"You know how to over-rate yourself, I perceive Sir;" rejoined the Prince, "surely that *vast* debt was paid long ago? I of-

fered you my patronage and protection, neither of which, you chose to accept. No—it was more for your interest to flatter a rich old woman already in a convenient state of dotage, and an indiscreet girl not yet out of her childhood, into"—

"Hold Sir!" exclaimed Demetrius, darting on him a look of indignation; "not even your rank shall authorize you to treat with scorn, in my presence, names so sacred to me."

"And do you presume to place yourself on a level with the Prince of Nuremberg."

"No!" retorted Demetrius, with imprudent bitterness, "for the Prince of Nuremberg when he forgets that a high station demands higher virtues, and condescends to insult and brave an inferior, sinks below him!"

At this cutting reproof, the Prince became choked with rage: he grasped the hilt of his sword, passionately advancing

with an enflamed countenance towards the young Count; then suddenly exclaiming, "Scoundrel!" struck him a blow on the face.

Demetrius retreated a few steps, as if to prevent himself from annihilating the despicable Nuremberg; all his body shook with a passion tenfold in magnitude to that of his opponent's; momentarily giving the reins to it, he returned the blow with a force, which brought his insulter to the ground.

At that juncture, the entrance of Forshiem, gave a check to their mutual rage. Breathing nothing but vengeance, the Prince hastily rose, and left the place.

On his departure Forsheim questioned Demetrius upon the cause of so extraordinary a scene: he excused himself from motives of delicacy.

"The affair," he said, "is completely that of the Prince of Nuremberg, and as such it should remain secret with me, unless he

be candid enough, to acknowledge it himself. He struck me; I struck him; my honour is now satisfied."

"I tremble for the consequence," exclaimed the Count, "my dear Leopolstat if you have erred through a too-inflammable spirit, one small concession."——

"Would be infamous!" cried Demetrius. "No Forshiem, by heaven!—if to hear the woman most venerated, and the woman most loved, named with derision; if to be accused of the basest meanness, and imperiously commanded—but hold!—I have almost lost myself again—suffice it, I received ample provocation; and though it should cost me the possession of all I hold precious on earth, never shall my coward tongue pronounce an apology to which my conscience would give the lie."

Demetrius traversed the room as he spoke, with hasty steps: his cheeks burned.—Forshiem seriously regarded him.

"You may carry delicacy too far;" he

observed, "without I know the real state of this case, it will be impossible for me to serve you as I wish. Would you tell me the circumstances, I might avail myself of the consideration with which the Prince always treats me, and urge *him* to apologize."

"Urge a Greenland bear!" exclaimed Demetrius, "the one stupid and ferocious beast, is just as accessible as the other. But I promise you this, Ferdinand, if he challenge me, and you consent to be my second, I will then state the whole affair to you."

Forshiem was proceeding to speak, when a nobleman in the suite of Nuremberg, was announced.

This gentleman brought a fiery challenge from the latter. Forshiem used every argument to dissuade his friend from meeting this rash man, but Demetrius was too jealous of his reputation and too keenly stung by the unmanly accusation of the Prince, to listen to any compromise. He dismissed the nobleman with his ready

acquiescence to the proposal of their meeting an hour after, at the skirt of a wood, some distance from the lines.

When the parties met, and the usual preliminaries were settled, the advantage of a first fire, fell by lot to Demetrius:—He discharged his pistol in the air. "What do you mean, Sir?" exclaimed the impatient Prince.

"I mean to shew you, Sir," replied the other, firmly, "that I abhor the idea of deliberate murder. The disgrace of having received a blow, is, in my opinion, cancelled by having returned it: I therefore am satisfied: and if you are not, I stand here to let you take satisfaction."

"Then, thus, I take it, coward!" exclaimed the Prince, hastily firing off his pistol: the ball took effect, and Demetrius fell.

Every drop of blood, now deserted the horror-struck features of Nuremberg; by this rash act, he had endangered, if not his life, his military rank and reputation. Dis-

daining however to quit the scene, he advanced to Demetrius who was now supported on the bosom of Forshiem, and sinking with loss of blood.

"I am heartily sorry for this!" burst involuntarily from Nuremberg. Demetrius unclosed his heavy eyes, and stretched out his hand to him with a smile of amity: The Prince took it.

"Fear nothing!" said Demetrius, in a low, gasping voice; "the circumstances of this affair are known only to ourselves; if I die, Forshiem will let them die with me."

Overpowered with this generous conduct, but not softened, the Prince remained silent. Demetrius was then conveyed to the nearest house, where a surgeon was sent for to dress his wound.

The report of this gentleman was favourable; the ball had only penetrated the thigh, without injuring a vital part.

This business had been so rapidly concluded, that few persons suspected the

truth, when they were told next morning that young Count Leopolstat was confined with a fever. His General (to whom Forshiem upon being questioned had confessed every particular), was so well satisfied with the conduct of Demetrius, and so shocked at the fierce animosity of Nuremberg, that he would have passed a public censure, had not Forshiem by his friend's desire, requested he would lay aside such a design, and affect ignorance of the transaction. The General reluctantly consented; nominating the Prince of Nuremberg, to the command of an advanced post, in order to have him removed from the sight of his young Aid-de-camp.

In the pain of his own wound, Demetrius did not forget to inquire after his prisoner, who still lived, but whose frequent convulsions predicted a speedy dissolution. As he was delirious, no one had as yet learnt his name; though his dress bespoke him an officer of rank.

Just as Demetrius was sending to ask after him, a week subsequent to the duel, he received the following letter from the Duchess di Felieri.—

"I have received so strange and obscure a letter from my nephew, that I must apply to you for an explanation of it.—What has happened between you?—It seems as if he had been questioning you upon the degree of regard which my Constantia bears towards you: She will not shrink from avowing that regard believe me, my dear boy. I think I know both your hearts, and shall not act wrong in requesting you to visit us immediately after the army go into winter-quarters. If it is necessary, I will write to obtain the General's promise for that purpose: I will then cheat my nephew into meeting you; when, if I don't make you friends, at least I shall hope to place your conduct in the most honourable light, and to insure your future happiness.

"The courier waits: leaving me only time to assure you of the unalterable gratitude and friendship of the Princess and

COLOMBA FELIERI."

The emotion of Demetrius upon reading this letter, was so great, as to make him feel sick and faint. He could not mistake the generous intention of the Duchess, nor refuse to believe himself sufficiently dear to the Princess, to authorize him in hoping she might resist any wish of her uncle's, to unite her with another.

At this ecstatic thought, his heart throbbed wildly. He held the insensible paper to his lips, and forgot in the bright views of the future, all his past sorrows.

The abrupt entrance of Colonel Wurtzburgh, put a period to these raptures.

Wurtzburgh and he, were still associates, though their excessive intimacy had much abated: Demetrius no longer confided any thing to him, and the dissembling

Colonel appeared to fancy he had nothing to confide.

The face of Wurtzburgh was at this period "full of strange matter;" the first communication of which nearly over-powered his unfortunate auditor.

Some prisoners lately brought into camp, had recognised the hitherto-unknown Republican, as General de Fontainville, the husband of Zaire. The wretched man, was now breathing his last, in an adjoining tent.

For a few moments, Demetrius could not speak: The name of Madame de Fontainville, and the certainty of her husband's death, gave a mortal blow to every hope, and palsied even thought.

The Colonel meanwhile, maliciously ran on with congratulations, and descriptions of his friend's future felicity; with rejoicings for the exiled Zaire, and a multitude of other expressions equally cruel, yet equally specious.

At last Demetrius besought him to be left alone. "My spirits are very weak to-day," he said, "or I would not ask this. For either the shock of grief or the shock of joy, I was quite unprepared.— Leave me to my own reflections.

The Colonel seeing the sting he had planted, withdrew exultingly.

Demetrius sat motionless after he was gone, in the attitude of profound meditation: his eyes were fixed; and a frightful calm, stilled the very pulsation of his heart. Yet he was incapable of reasoning: his thoughts stretched in vain to grasp even a single object—they retained nothing—all was illusive—all was fleeting!

A confused notion of being for ever severed from Constantia, and for ever bound to Madame de Fontainville, was the only stationary idea. He muttered now and then to himself, as if in a delirium; and frequently he smiled: but it was the smile of despair.

Many hours passed away, before he could be said to reflect: till then, his mind was only a passive mirror, reflecting a succession of imperfect images.

The punishment of his former fault now fell upon him, in the completion of that very wish which had once been the reigning subject of all his desires. Madame de Fontainville most likely was still faithful to the passion she had never promised to destroy, and had a right, therefore, to the fulfillment of those vows which he had voluntarily made, but a few months back: nay, was it not his duty thus to sacrifice every thing to repair the injury done her peace? did not honour and gratitude, in the person of her afflicted father, imperiously demand this sacrifice?

Demetrius put another question to himself, which terminated his hesitation. Granting that he had conquered his passion for Zaire, by the mere force of principle, without the intervention of a purer

attachment, would he have debated about offering her his hand!—No! then he ought to debate no longer.

Though assured of Princess Constantia's preference, and suspecting the intentions of her illustrious relative, he had never urged his pretensions beyond their friendship, and had never wilfully directed a glance towards Constantia that could imply a wish for more.

Consoled by the integrity of his conduct there, he now looked with a steadier eye upon his fate: that it was fixed by the late event he believed; but ere he wrote to Madame de Fontainville, he resolved to unbosom himself to his brother.

Hitherto, Demetrius had never mentioned the inhabitants of Felieri, in any way to alarm the fraternal fears of Charles: for a long time he had himself been ignorant, of the peculiar influence Constantia acquired over him; and after that ignorance was displaced by unexpected hope, was with-held by the bash-

ful irresolution inseparable from virtuous love.

He now made a candid avowal of all these circumstances; beseeching his brother to weigh impartially the different arguments he urged for the step he meditated; requesting him to make the communication of General de Fontainville's death immediately to the Marquis de Liancour, and to learn from him, whether Zaire retained her former sentiments of a man, who could still offer her the share of a very circumscribed fortune. Suffering had taught Demetrius to bear disappointment with dignity; for he had studied the self-command and graceful restraint of Charles, till he had learned how to practise it. He no longer yielded himself up to desperate agony, but struggled with nature's infirmity, and resolved to endure.

His wound being healed, he was now able to leave his tent: and, supported on the arm of Forshiem, was permitted to breathe the fresh air.

Forshiem observed an alteration in his companion's spirits, for which he could not account; his friendly eye frequently traced the effects of a sleepless night in the total absence of that peachiness, which usually enriched his cheek; but he ventured not to intrude with a question. The only remark his delicacy allowed, was couched in an avowal of the pain he felt on seeing him thus altered; and an urgent request that he would confide to his brother, any care by which he might be harassed.

"My brother," replied Demetrius, "is indeed the only man, to whom I should intrust my present difficulties: they are of a very delicate kind, believe me, Ferdinand. If the disclosure did not involve many more besides myself, you should be fully trusted. What grave is this?"—he asked, abruptly breaking off, as his eye fell on a new-raised mound.

"The French General's," answered Forshiem, "your prisoner. As you were

disabled at the time, I filled your place, and was with him in his last moments."

Demetrius turned very pale, and hastily drew his friend away: but he pressed his arm gratefully, as he did so, repeating with much emotion—"I thank you!"

The answer from Charles, was such as Demetrius expected. It was in favour of Madame de Fontainville: but ah! how unwillingly was that sentence pronounced! How many tender expressions of love and pity, how many consolations and praises were mingled with it! He conjured his brother to be sincere with the Duchess di Felieri; and without disclosing the past indiscretion of Zaire, without appearing to have imbibed any presumptuous hopes from the graciousness of Princess Constantia, completely to explain his present engagement, with Madame de Fontainville.

The last dependence of Demetrius, was destroyed by this letter. He had secretly

hoped, that Charles might, from various motives, have concealed what could now produce no pain,—a change in Zaire's heart; and he was, therefore, completely overcome when he read this assurance of her constancy.

"Wretch that I am!" he exclaimed, "was she not dearer to me, alas! than my own soul?—did I not swear to love her, even in the agonies of death?—was I not ready to relinquish, for her sake, the person who ought to have been dearest to me on earth, my brother, my benefactor!—and do I now shudder at the prospect of possessing her for ever?"

He thought of Constantia; in spite of every resolve, he thought of her:, and when he pictured the shock this discovery would give to her reverend relative, the deeper wound it would inflict upon her innocent heart, he was not master of his feelings.

The campaign now drew to a close: and Demetrius, released from active

service, and deprived of Forshiem, (whose regiment was ordered into different cantonments), had leisure to muse even to madness.

He was waiting for the reply of De Liancour, to his brother's letter, before he could bring himself to write the one, so much dreaded, to Felieri, when an express from thence reached the camp, in the middle of an inclement night.

The Duchess had been struck with a paralytic affection, from which it was likely she would never recover; and her distracted grandchild now sent for Demetrius, at her particular request.

Upon such an occasion the usual military rules were dispensed with; the General allowed his Aid-de-camp, ten days' leave; and the latter, still weak and feeble, commenced his sad journey to the Trevisane.

CHAP. IX.

In returning to take a short review of the elder Count Leopolstat, it will not be necessary to say more of his military operations, than that he rejoined the Archduke in the middle of August; proceeded with him into the Palatinate; bore a distinguished part in the brilliant affairs at Neckau and Manheim; and was with him on the skirts of the Black Forest, when the disastrous reverses in Switzerland, and the impossibility of making a winter campaign among its masses of ice, checked the triumph of success.

In the lively interest excited by these events, and the important views which they opened of the future, Charles often forgot his own private ills. Warmly attached to the irreproachable Prince under whom he served, as well as to their just cause, his mind entered with earnestness into that Prince's councils. Demetrius, acquiring honour, and restored to cheerfulness, was a soothing object for this mind to rest on: it was "the soft green of his soul," to which it turned, after political speculations, that both wearied and alarmed.

Adelaide Ingersdorf was still remembered: no cares, no occupations could drive her from his heart, though they often succeeded in banishing her awhile from his memory.

In her, he had found every quality, desired by a taste and a sensibility, which some persons might have termed fastidious. With an understanding cultivated beyond her sex; a heart softly tempered, yet

yielding only to the hand of Reason; a beauty made more captivating by elegant accomplishments, she was modest even to bashfulness: Charles prized her for this fault; and had often, (while seeing her shrink from the assiduity of admissible admiration); said to himself—"How few women there are, that, capable of charming all men, are content with endearing themselves to one only!"

Among the romantic splendour of Switzerland, he had sighed for her: And now, on the shores of the Rhine, where more leisure allowed him to muse over the past, he sunk into a sadness, of which he was himself scarcely conscious.

He was one night sitting over a book, (of which, certainly, he had not read a single syllable), when his servant brought him a letter. It was from his incognita. The calmness with which he opened it, quickly vanished.

A few lines, appointing a meeting, made his heart palpitate with expectation: Now

was going to be developed what mystery, which had for five years given him both pain and pleasure. Yet what could he hope from it, when his affections were unalienably fixed upon another, and this generous unknown evidently relied on obtaining them?—at any rate, he thought curiosity would be relieved; and perhaps a candid explanation of his situation, might secure to him the friendship of one, who seemed formed for a noble disinterested sentiment.

Till this moment arrived, Charles never imagined it would agitate him. Whether saddened spirits had affected his nerves; or whether he unconsciously hoped to find in his incognita one that would at last reconcile him to the loss of Adelaide, is uncertain; but agitated he was, beyond all description.

He could not sleep once through the whole night: and the next day, went over the routine of his usual employments, with a mind completely *distrait*.

The night was bright and calm, (though November was far advanced) when Charles mounted his horse at the specified hour, and took the road to the chateau of a neighbouring Canon, where his rendezvous was appointed.

Three miles, seemed thirty, as he galloped over them; and yet, when he reached the place, it appeared to him as if he had flown! His heart now palpitated with such violence, that he almost wished for a respite from what he once passionately desired.

A servant received him at the gate; and upon hearing his name, bowed respectfully, and led him across a hall: He then threw open the door of a room, which Charles entered, and beheld Marshal Ingersdorf.

The expression of the veteran's countenance, would not suffer him to believe the meeting accidental: a multitude of hopes and fears, wild and delightful, electrified him at the sight. He was unable

to speak or to move. The Marshal rushed forwards, and with his usual impetuosity caught him in his arms, vehemently exclaiming, "My dear Leopolstat!—my friend!—my son! if you will become so."

"Am I so happy," cried Charles, (scarcely trusting his bewildered senses); "am I so happy as to find my incognito in Marshal Ingersdorf!"

"Yes!—yes!" resumed the Marshal, repeatedly squeezing his hand, "you see that will-o'-the-wisp, now before you.—Only tell me that you forgive my eccentric impertinence; and that you will allow me to dispose of your heart and yourself?"

"O Sir!——O Heaven what am I to think—what hope?"—exclaimed Charles, sinking involuntarily upon one knee.

His fine face and eyes, brightly flushed with doubtful joy, were now raised to the Marshal: the latter gazed on him, with overflowing delight.

"I know you love," he cried, "I know

you would have chosen Adelaide, had she been born a beggar:—she is your's then. I meant her for you all along. Forshiem is a worthy lad—he knew my scheme."

The old gentleman could hardly articulate these abrupt sentences, from excess of pleasure. Leopolstat was quite overpowered: he felt like a man who after living half a century in a dungeon, is suddenly brought into day-light. In silence, eloquent silence, he pressed the shaking hands of the Marshal to his lips and breast: the first words he uttered were an anxious inquiry of Adelaide's sentiments.

Marshal Ingersdorf was then going to hurry forth an animated assurance of her attachment; when suddenly recollecting what was due to female delicacy, he said archly—"She don't hate you, that's all:—whether she likes you or not, I leave you to discover, the first time you are alone together. But come, rise from the ground, which the knee of a soldier should never

touch, but to his Maker. Let us sit down and talk over the matter: you must long to hear my reasons."

"I do long, Sir," returned the fluttered Charles, and his eager soul, sprung to Adelaide. To throw himself at her feet, (spite of her father's remark) to pour out all the tenderness which he had hitherto so painfully restrained, to receive from her lips the confirmation of what her downcast eyes had so often told him, was now his liveliest emotion; he scarcely wanted explanations, while certain that the mystery had terminated in rapture.

His animated glances were constantly directed towards the door, as if in search of her.

"I see what you are thinking about;" resumed the veteran, "and to quiet you, protest that my daughter is not in this house. To-morrow morning she will be here, with my good host's sister."

"To-morrow morning!"——repeated

Charles, and away flew his thoughts again, from the Marshal's explanations, with more than their former rapidity.

"I am likely to have but a sorry auditor in you," cried Ingersdorf, "why you puppy, what sort of a gratitude is this? After all the pains and vexations I have encountered to keep this girl secluded, ever since she was fifteen, only to fall in love with you, am I not to be gratified with a patient hearing of the only romance I ever concocted in my life?"

"Pardon me—pardon me, dearest Sir!" replied Charles, glowing with graceful confusion; "I have indeed shamefully forgotten to thank you, for such unmerited, transporting goodness!—How could I have become thus interesting to you?—how is it possible, that such a treasure has been long destined for me?"

"Both these *hows*, I'll answer satisfactorily," returned the Marshal, "if you will only gag yourself, with a little composure. Zounds! you are as talkative

now, as you were mute a few minutes ago!—Can you be silent?—Can your thoughts leave off chattering to one another?—Can you listen calmly?"

"Willingly, Sir, most willingly," was the reply of Leopolstat, though his kindling eyes and throbbing pulse refused to sanction this promise. The Marshal saw his agitation, with complacent satisfaction: but without noticing it further, filled out two bumpers of Burgundy, and pledging his intended son in one of them, began his rambling oration.

"The first time I heard of you, was in the year ninety-four, at a little Inn, in Alsace. I was returning from head-quarters, where I had been to visit my old friend Wurmser, when alighting for some refreshment, I found all the inhabitants of the village, discussing the merits of a young officer, who had just passed through with a detachment.

It had happened, that a merciless steward was at that very moment, drag-

ging to prison a poor farmer, whom sickness and accidents had made incapable of paying his rent; and whose wife and children he had already turned out of doors.

"You remember the circumstance," added the Marshal, seeing Charles about to interrupt him; "but I'll not be broken in on. I heard that he had learned the particulars, and unable to produce the exact sum, himself, had borrowed part from his Captain. Well may the drops of honest pleasure, now glisten in your eyes, my dear Charles! mine, nearly overflowed, while I listened to the animated praises of the country people.

"I seemed to see the handsome youth they described, leading two innocent babes in his hand under the lowly roof of the farm, and assuring the grateful couple, that in permitting him to restore them to their home, they had given him the sincerest delight he ever felt.

"On hearing your name, I became still

more interested in you. Once in an attack of robbers among the Appenines, my life had been saved by your father."

"My father!" cried Leopolstat, and a strange pang of anguish and pleasure seized his heart.

"Yes, your father; he had some fine qualities: bravery was one. Till now we were strangers, but after that, we became intimate: that, however, ended no matter how—he was fond of gaiety, I of retirement: but to return to yourself.

"From the day I spoke of, I hankered after you: my whimsical old brain was often thinking how it could serve or please you. At last upon hearing about your gallant rescue of General ——— I projected my romantic plan.

"Such a plan, would never have entered any head, but that of an antiquated, romance-reader, like myself. For to shew you what a fool of a father-in-law, you are about to have, I must own, that I am as

greedy a devourer of novels and legends, as ever I was at fourteen. At first, I meant to go no further, than sending you a few presents and letters: then to discover myself, and take you under my wing for life.

"But when I reflected on the wholesome discipline which the world gives every young man without money or patrons; and how much, independence and energy are nourished by a certainty of depending solely on one's own powers; when I scrutinized your conduct, and found it so nobly upright; I thought my happiness and my daughter's, would be secured, and your's not injured, if I could manage to make you my son."

"Dear, dear Sir!" exclaimed Charles, wringing his hand, with unutterable gratitude.

Returning the friendly pressure, Ingersdorf resumed.

"Most ably, had I manœuvred, in my own opinion, by writing my letters, so

equivocally, as to leave it dubious, whether the writer were a man or a woman: most confidently did I reckon upon this mystery occupying your heart so much, as to leave no room for another object.

"What a blow then, did I receive, when I heard of your engagements at Mantua! It was many days before I recovered myself sufficiently to address you again: but I could not hesitate about how that should be. You were still dear to me; and Adelaide, believing herself destined for Forshiem, had never heard me breathe your name."

Here, the Marshal hesitated; not knowing how to advert to the death of Signora Berghi; he therefore left a chasm in his narrative, resuming it thus.

"It had been my intention to send Adelaide to her aunt's at Vienna, as soon as the Italian campaign should finish; and then to scheme again, that you might be introduced to my brother.

"I had no doubt of your falling in

love with Adelaide, so charming as she is: and if she had been odious, my sanguine temper would have made the thing equally probable; I was therefore transported, when Providence brought you acquainted in so interesting a way: when it insured to you, the regard of my brother, and gave you opportunity of mutually estimating the excellencies of each other.

"Knowing the state of your heart, and shrewdly guessing at what would soon be Adelaide's, (for I had educated her to admire such a character as your's; and had forced her from any other attachment, by keeping her in a convent); I resolved to remain quiet, till her artless letters, and the more circumstantial ones of the Baron, should have convinced me that my scheme was ripe.

"Just as I was preparing to terminate your suspense, that cursed law-suit commenced, and my hopes, seemed on the point of being hurled into the gulph of destruction.

"You know how long it has annoyed me; but it is now over: and I can give you my Adelaide, with the fortune I first intended."

Every person that either is in love, or has been in love, will imagine the disinterested expressions of Charles: they were as sincere as they were ardent; and made the father's eyes, sparkle with joy.

"Ah! you may well thank your old, silly incognito:" cried he, "you know not what trouble he has had, to bring this hopeful vessel into a safe harbour. Forshiem, was at first, the most obliging, tractable creature under the sun: he admitted the obligation I was under, thus to recompense the son of a man to whom I owed my life; he saw the harmonious justice of giving a gallant, poor fellow, a rich wife, that knew how to value him: and he was so ready to be my Aid-de-camp, in the affair!—so obedient to orders!—but, lack-a-day, my young gentleman chose to fall in love, with an Italian rustic;

and then came intreaties, and expostulations, and threats of marrying, before I could turn myself round: then my hero, grew eloquent for your sake; then he professed to know by sad experience, the misery of protracted hopes, conjuring me to end your sorrows immediately.

"I was thunderstruck. For in the haste with which I pursued my favourite object, I never took into the account, these annoying stumbling-blocks. However, Forshiem got me to promise, that if my law-suit were still pending, when the army went into winter-quarters, I would give him leave to reveal Adelaide's freedom, by marrying his pretty Lorenza."

"Amiable Forshiem!" cried Charles, "how much do I owe him!"

"But you don't know yet, half the amusing incidents for which you are indebted to me;" said the Marshal, "do you remember the Signora Albertini?"

A stronger tide of blood, rushed to the face of Leopolstat, at this unexpected question.

"Egregious puppy! you have no reason to blush:" resumed his friend—"no, you have a right to triumph. Few young men can resist like you, the syren charms of beauty, accomplishment, and well-acted tenderness. Yet, I dare say it was not merely acted, after she saw you."

"Had she never seen me before!" exclaimed the astonished Charles.

"No, on my honour!—I projected the whole affair. I knew her for the most avaricious wretch alive, and I bribed her into this trial of your principles. Do you blame me, for thus proving in every way, the man in whose care I sought to repose the treasure of my heart?"

"So far from it;" cried Leopolstat, "that a whole life spent in striving to grow worthy of such a trust, will never be enough to shew my gratitude."

After this complete explanation, the conversation flowed over the past and the future: each had minute descriptions to give of their mutual feelings upon particular events; and each loved to dwell upon the graces of Adelaide.

As she was to be at the chateau the next morning, Charles before he departed, obtained permission to visit there at an early hour.

Scarcely had Mam'selle de Ingersdorf alighted from the carriage which conveyed her to the chateau Balzac, ere the Marshal informed her, that she would see an old friend very soon.

The blood brightly painted her cheeks, when he mentioned their visitor's name.

Adelaide was ignorant of the real motive for a journey, which she had undertaken solely to oblige her father, and now, was far from conjecturing its probable termination: yet she trembled with undefinable joy; eagerly anticipating the

moment in which her eyes would again behold their best, and dearest object.

Marshal Ingersdorf had never once hinted, the peculiar interest he took in Charles, nor the views he entertained for him: but willing to give his daughter's attachment a little hope to feed on, he assured her, (on her removal from Vienna,) that she should never be the wife of Count Forshiem, unless she preferred him to the whole world: that if she would wait the conclusion of the eventful law-suit and the campaign, she should then have an opportunity of studying her destined husband's character, and be left at liberty to accept or to reject him.

So indulgent an assurance, would have led Adelaide immediately to confess the state of her heart, had not delicacy shrunk from the pain of avowing even to a parent, the excess of an affection that had never been claimed by its object. Relying on the goodness of Providence, on the ap-

parent preference of Charles, and the prospect of renewing their former intimacy, after her engagement with Forshiem should be avowedly dissolved, she cheerfully acquiesced in her father's wishes; and found uncertainty, a mental Paradise, when contrasted with her late despair.

In what rapid tides, did the blood now flow through her veins! her ardent complexion became enriched with a still warmer crimson; and her dazzling eyes, (whose colour and lucidity,—united the two extremes of light and darkness;) were more than effulgent. They were brightly flashing over her companions at the breakfast-table, when a servant announced Count Leopolstat.

At the sound of a name, which was never pronounced without bringing before her, the loveliest countenance that ever proclaimed a lovely soul, she almost closed these brilliant eyes; as if seeing, and hearing Charles, at the same moment,

would be bliss too much. He saw nothing but her: and he saw in her trembling agitation, all that his fond heart desired.

The Marshal, who had settled the plan of operations, with his future son-in-law, soon contrived to break up the breakfast party: he pronounced the day delightful, and the prospect from a window into the garden, so alluring, that he begged permission to breathe the air there, with his friend. Adelaide of course was included in this association; which was not likely to be enlarged, as Monsieur Balzac had the gout, and his sister never disturbed digestion after a meal.

The considerate Marshal was so anxious to dissipate his daughter's confusion, by drawing her into lively conversation, that he walked twice round the great garden, before he observed that Charles was heartily wishing him at the Antipodes.— He then abruptly stopped at the door of a pavillion, where he bid his daughter rest herself under the protection of Count

Leopolstat, while he took a brisker circuit through the walks.

Adelaide had not leisure to wonder at this strange conduct: for her attention was instantly absorbed by the ardent impatience of Charles, who soon won from her, a declaration of mutual preference.

Sweet to him, was the bashful apprehensiveness, with which she gradually discovered the whole of her past feelings.—The fearful, trembling Adelaide, blushing at her own confessions, averting her glowing eyes from his, and shrinking from the involuntary transport with which he now pressed her in his arms, was to him an object at once of the tenderest love, and the profoundest respect. Seeing in her, the chosen companion of his future days, the beloved sharer of eternity, his heart throbbed with a sacred joy, which beaming from his countenance, spoke peace to the timid delicacy of Adelaide.

It was now, that each felt the reward of their past sufferings:—it was now, that,

looking back with exultation upon their sincere endeavours to follow the path marked out by duty, they indulged in present happiness, without apprehension or regret.

What Adelaide owed to the eccentric goodness of her father, gave a new charm to the ties of parent and child: and at this moment she acquired fresh delight, by gaining additional motives for loving two persons, already dearer to her than life.

The Marshal met his young companions at the entrance of the house: Adelaide fervently returned the kiss he pressed on her burning cheek, and whispered out a blessing for his kindness. She then broke away, to thank a Mightier Parent, whose smallest mercies, were never suffered by her, to pass unacknowledged.

It may be conjectured, that Leopolstat did not leave Balzac, until he had obtained the Marshal's promise of remaining under its hospitable roof, during the suspension

of hostilities: nay, he ventured to glance at the hope of being confirmed in his happiness, by the gift of Adelaide's hand, long before military duty should again call him into actual service.

The veteran did not blame this natural impatience: confessing, that since he had served nearly half the time for his daughter, which Jacob did for Laban's, he might very fairly urge this, otherwise, unreasonable request. Promising to plead his cause himself, he then dismissed the young Count, who returned to head-quarters, with an overflowing heart.

So many delightful recollections and anticipations crowded through the mind of Charles, that it was long ere he could compose himself sufficiently to dictate a letter of gratitude to Forshiem, and one of a tenderer character to Demetrius.

Thought of the latter was so associated with all his cares or pleasures, that till joy was communicated to him, it was but an imperfect joy for Charles.

Believing his brother nearly cured of his fatal attachment to Madame de Fontainville, and reposing securely on the soothing friendship of the Duchess di Felieri, he now wrote him an animated account of his present good fortune : adding to it, a proposal, that during the winter recess, they should endeavour to be once more established in the same regiment.

Demetrius had often expressed such a wish, in which Charles earnestly participated ; and now that he was become certain of his illustrious Commander's favour, he resolved to use that favour in obtaining so desirable an object.

Scarcely had our hero finished this letter, ere he received that one from Demetrius in which the events of his far-different fate, were detailed.

With grief, surprize, pity, and apprehension, did Charles peruse it ! Though he had himself uniformly avoided what are falsely termed affairs of honour, he

knew not how to blame his brother for meeting the Prince of Nuremberg. It would have been better, indeed, had he refused to sanction such an odious practice as duelling, in any way; but how was it to be expected from a youth of nineteen, thus to stifle honest indignation at tyranical arrogance, merely by reflecting on the force of example?

The new attachment of Demetrius, afflicted without displeasing his brother. The progress of it, described simply, yet powerfully, had been so gradual, and so evidently encouraged by the Duchess, that even a Cynic would have found it difficult to have condemned Demetrius.

The character of this attachment was so amiable; its ground so laudable; the happiness it seemed fraught with, (if not cruelly thwarted) so perfect and so pure: The prospect it opened, so brilliant; (for Charles had the weakness of humanity and was ambitious for this beloved brother):

that at the destruction of all its views, his own happiness vanished from his eyes.

Such heavy sighs, as he had lately hoped never to draw again, now came from his oppressed heart: he re-perused the letter; remembered Madame de Fontainville, and was wretched.

The correspondence of the Marquis de Liancour, had uniformly lamented the rooted passion of his daughter, whose constancy had withstood all the attacks of time, absence, and reflection. She still persisted in believing her heart incurable; rather deepening the wound, by giving herself up to solitude, than striving to heal it, in rational society.

That Demetrius had wilfully created this infatuated sentiment, and had therefore, been guilty of poisoning the existence of Zaire and her father, nay of seducing her soul from virtue, was but too certain: for so great an injury, a compen-

sation was due; and that compensation must be the sacrifice of all Demetrius's present wishes.

Charles, saw no other path for his brother: covered as it was, with thorns, he yet pronounced it inevitable. For, to the upright conscience of Charles, the voice of Integrity, was ever the voice of Fate.

A sentence of banishment from Princess Constantia, was unwillingly given in his answer to Demetrius. He then destroyed his former letter; fearing to mingle with so painful a subject, that communication which at another period would have been warmly welcomed.

After this, Leopolstat sought consolation from Adelaide:—He hastened to Balzac, and fortunately found her alone.

How watchful is love!—How easily does its slightest glance perceive an alteration in the object beloved! The mere sound of his voice as he spoke to a ser-

vant without, convinced Adelaide that her Charles was afflicted.

Her raised eyes, full of tender anxiety, momentarily charmed away his care: but it returned again, with unabated pain, till he had imparted it to her. Then was he indeed consoled!—consoled by the sight of new beauties in her equally fond and generous heart.

Adelaide pitied Madame de Fontainville; but she could not conceive how the destiny of that unfortunate woman, was to be ameliorated by the empty possession of a name, without the reality. Nay, to judge her feelings by her own, she believed that to know herself the sole obstacle between happiness and the man she loved, would be the severest misery she could endure.

Adelaide did not wantonly betray her friend's confidence; but Charles found that whenever she spoke of Princess Constantia, her emotion visibly increased.

Sadly sighing, the Count held her soft

hand to his lips, and then said, "All our wishes, I see tend the same way; and all our notions of right, oppose them.—The lovely suggestions of delicacy, cannot prevent you, from acknowledging the rule that ought to guide Demetrius: he must act in conformity with principle; Madame de Fontainville may follow your guide.

"Yet how delightful are such just sentiments, to the man whom my Adelaide honours with her preference! how does he glory in the possession of a heart so governed!"

Charles was then proceeding to repeat, (what seems no repetition to a lover), expressions of admiration, gratitude, and rapture, when the Baron and the Canon abruptly entered.

Mr. Baltac was an agreeable old gentleman that never asked impertinent questions, or looked impertinent remarks; he therefore, appeared to see nothing particular, in the visible assiduity of the young

Count, but considerately engaged, the lively Marshal, in a hot dispute.

Charles dined at Balzac, where some Englishmen met also: in compliment to whom, the Canon followed their country's fashion, of sitting long after dinner. This circumstance afforded Charles an opportunity of making a masterly retreat from the dining room to the saloon; where he found the somniferous Madame Balzac taking her customary nap.

She slept as if she were in a trance; so that he had ample power to urge the suit he had before preferred through the Marshal.

How could Adelaide deny any thing to so dear a petitioner? she tried to chide and refuse him, but the chilling words thawed on her lips; and her blushing eyes beamed with a yielding, which animated his importunity. She consented at last, because she wished to consent: promising to give him her hand, immediately after